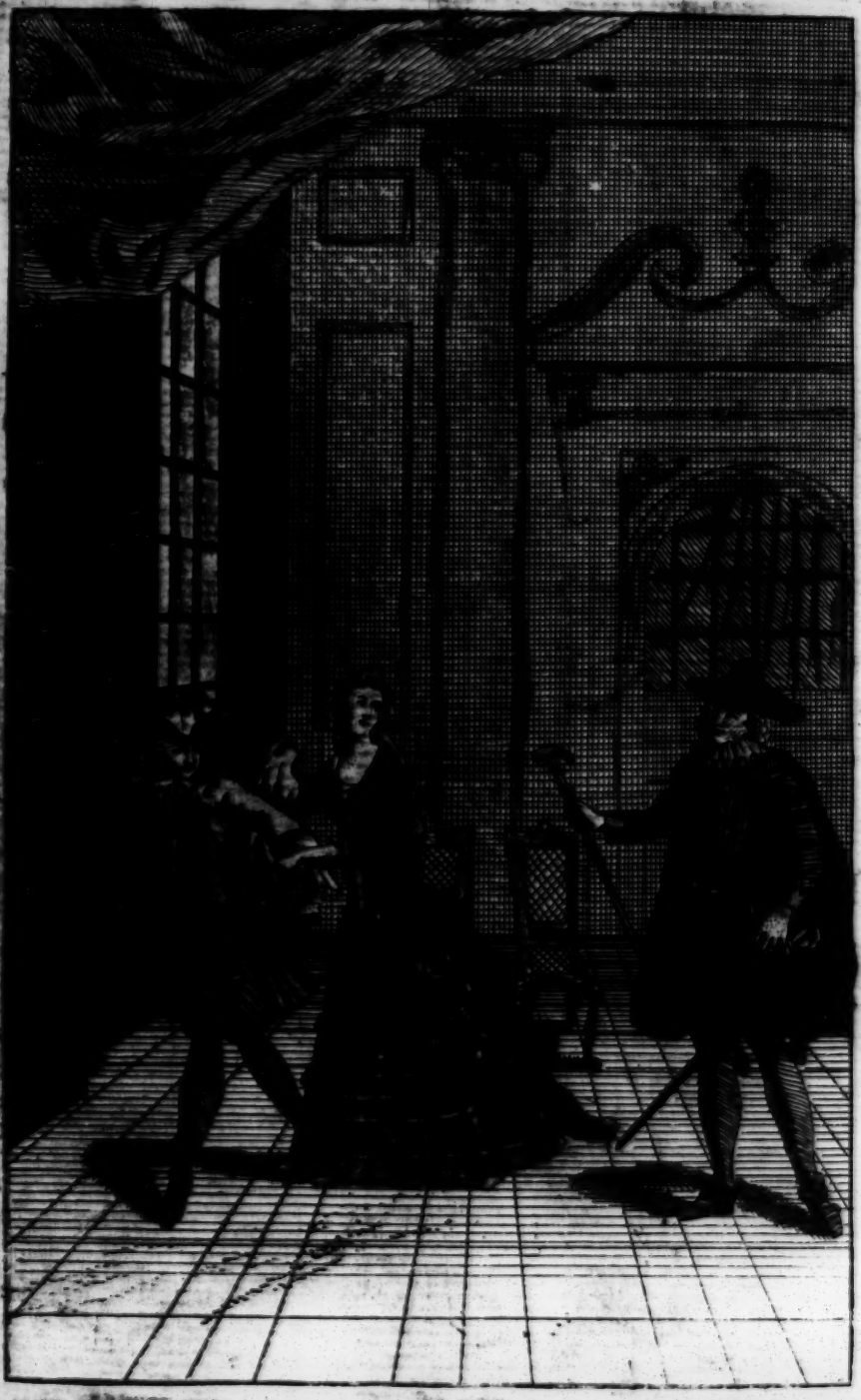

THE

WONDER:

A

WOMAN keeps a SECRET.

A

COMEDY.

As it is now Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mrs. CENT LIVRE.

THE FIFTH EDITION:

LONDON:

Printed for the Company of Bookſellers.
M.DCC.LVI.

Vet. A5 f. 67[illegible]

RS from H L Ford

PROLOGUE.

OUR Author *fears the Criticks of the Stage,*
Who, like Barbarians, ſpare no Sex, nor Age;
She trembles at thoſe Cenſors in the Pit,
Who think Good-Nature ſhews a Want of Wit:
Such Malice, O! what Muſe can undergo it?
To ſave themſelves, they always damn the Poet.
Our Author flies from ſuch a partial Jury,
As wary Lovers from the Nymphs of Drury:
To the few candid Judges for a Smile
She humbly ſues, to recompence her Toil.
To the bright Circle of the Fair, ſhe next
Commits her Cauſe, with anxious Doubts perplext.
Where can ſhe with ſuch Hopes of Favour kneel,
As to thoſe Judges, who her frailties feel?
A few Miſtakes, her Sex may well excuſe,
And ſuch a Plea, No Woman *ſhou'd refuſe:*
If ſhe ſucceeds, a Woman *gains Applauſe,*
What Female *but muſt favour ſuch a Cauſe?*
Her Faults,—whate'er they are—e'en paſs 'em by,
And only on her Beauties fix your Eye.
In Plays, like Veſſels floating on the Sea,
There's none ſo wiſe to know their Deſtiny.
In this, howe'er, the Pilot's Skill appears,
While by the Stars his conſtant Courſe he ſteers:
Rightly our Author *does her Judgment ſhew,*
That for her Safety ſhe relies on You.
Your Approbation, Fair ones, can't but move
Thoſe ſtubborn Hearts, which firſt you taught to love:
The men muſt all applaud this Play of Ours,
For who dare ſee with other Eyes than yours.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don Lopez,	a Grandee of *Portugal.*	Mr. *Taſwell.*
Don Felix	his Son, in Love with *Violante.*	Mr *Garrick.*
Frederick,	A Merchant. - -	Mr *Uſher.*
Don Pedro,	Father to *Violante.*	Mr. *Burton.*
Col. *Britton,*	A *Scotchman.* - -	Mr. *Palmer.*
Gibby,	His Footman - -	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Liſſardo,	Servant to *Felix.* -	Mr. *Woodward.*

WOMEN.

Donna Violante.	Deſign'd for a Nun by her Father, in Love with *Felix.*	Miſs *Macklyn.*
Donna Iſabella,	Siſter to *Felix.* - -	Mrs. *Davies.*
Inis,	Her Maid. - - -	Mrs. *Clive.*
Flora,	Maid to *Violante.* - -	Miſs *Minors.*

Alguzil, Attendants, Servants, *&c.*

SCENE *LISBON.*

THE WONDER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Don Lopez *meeting* Frederick.

Fred. MY Lord, *Don Lopez.*

Don Lopez. How d'ye, *Frederick?*

Fred. At your Lordſhip's Service, I am glad to ſee you look ſo well, my Lord; I hope *Antonio* is out of Danger.

D. Lop. Quite contrary; his Fever increaſes, they tell me; and the Surgeons are of Opinion his Wound is mortal.

Fred Your Son *Don Felix* is ſafe I hope.

D. Lop. I hope ſo too, but they offer large Rewards to apprehend him.

Fred. When heard your Lordſhip from him?

D. Lop. Not ſince he went; I forbad him writing till the publick News gave him an Account of *Antonio's* Health. Letters might be intercepted, and the Place of his Abode diſcovered.

Fred. Your Caution was good, my Lord; tho' I am impatient to hear from *Felix*, yet his Safety is my chief Concern. Fortune has maliciouſly ſtruck a Bar between us in the Affairs of Life, but ſhe has done me Honour to unite our Souls.

D. Lop. I am not ignorant of the Friendſhip between my Son and you. I have heaad him commend your Morals, and lament your Want of noble Birth.

Fred.

Fred. That's Nature's Fault, my Lord; 'tis ſome Comfort not to owe one's Misfortune to one's ſelf, yet 'tis impoſſible not to regret the Want of noble Birth.

D. Lop. 'Tis pity indeed ſuch excellent Parts as you are Maſter of ſhould be eclipſed by mean Extraction.

Fred. Such Commendation would make me vain, my Lord, did you not caſt in the Allay of my Extraction.

D. Lop. There's no Condition of Life without its Cares, and it is the Perfection of a Man to wear 'em as eaſy as he can; this unfortunate Duel of my Son's does not paſs without Impreſſion. But ſince 'tis paſt Prevention, all my Concern is now, how he may eſcape the Puniſhment; if *Antonio* dies, *Felix* ſhall for *England*. You have been there; what Sort of People are the *Engliſh?*

Fred. My Lord, the *Engliſh* are by Nature, what the ancient *Romans* were by Diſcipline, couragious, bold, hardy, and in love with Liberty. Liberty is the Idol of the *Engliſh*, under whoſe Banner all the Nation liſts; give but the Word for Liberty, and ſtraight more armed Legions would appear, than *France* and *Philip* keep in conſtant pay.

D. Lop. I like their Principles; who does not wiſh for Freedom in all Degrees of Life? Tho' common Prudence ſometimes makes us act againſt it, as I am now obliged to do, for I intend to marry my Daughter to *Don Guzman*, whom I expect from *Holland* every Day, whither he went to take Poſſeſſion of a large Eſtate left him by his Uncle.

Fred. You will not ſurely ſacrifice the lovely *Iſabella* to Age, Avarice, and a Fool; pardon the Expreſſion, my Lord; but my Concern for your beauteous Daughter tranſports me beyond that good Manners which I ought to pay your Lordſhip's Preſence.

D. Lop. I can't deny the Juſtneſs of the Character, *Frederick*, but you are not inſenſible what I have ſuffered by theſe Wars; and he has two Things which render him very agreeable to me for a Son-in-law, he is rich and

and well born; as for his being a Fool, I don't conceive how that can be any Blot in a Huſband, who is already poſſeſs'd of a good Eſtate.—A poor Fool indeed is a very ſcandalous Thing, and ſo are your poor Wits, in my Opinion, who have nothing to be vain of, but the Inſide of their Skulls: now for *Don Guzman*, I know I can rule him, as I think fit; this is acting the politic Part, *Frederick*, without which it is impoſſible to keep up the Port of this Life.

Fred. But have you no Conſideration for your Daughter's Welfare, my Lord?

D. Lop. Is a Huſband of twenty thouſand Crowns a Year no Conſideration? Now I think it a very good Conſideration.

Fred. One Way, my Lord. But what will the World ſay of ſuch a Match?

D. Lop. Sir, I value not the World a Button.

Fred. I cannot think your Daughter can have any Inclination for ſuch a Huſband.

D. Lop. There I believe you are pretty much in the Right, tho' it is a Secret which I never had the Curioſity to inquire into, nor I believe ever ſhall.—Inclination, quotha! Parents would have a fine Time on't if they conſulted their Children's Inclinations! I'll venture you a Wager, that in all the garriſon Towns in *Spain* and *Portugal*, during the late War, there were not three Women who have not had an Inclination to every Officer in the whole Army; does it therefore follow, that their Fathers ought to pimp for them? No, no, Sir, it is not a Father's Buſineſs to follow his Children's Inclinations till he makes himſelf a Beggar.

Fred. But this is of another Nature, my Lord.

D. Lop. Look ye, Sir, I reſolve ſhe ſhall marry *Don Guzman* the Moment he arrives; tho' I could not govern my Son, I will my Daughter, I aſſure you.

Fred. This Match, my Lord, is more prepoſterous than that which you propoſed to your Son, from whence aroſe this fatal Quarrel.—*Don Antonio*'s Siſter, *Elvira*, wanted

wanted beauty only, but *Guzman*, every thing, but——

D. Lop. Money—and that will purchaſe every thing, and ſo Adieu. [*Exit.*

Fred. Monſtrous! Theſe are the Reſolutions which deſtroy the Comforts of Matrimony——he is rich, and well born, powerful Arguments, indeed! Could I but add them to the Friendſhip of *Don Felix*, what might I not hope? But a Merchant, and a Grandee of *Spain*, are inconſiſtent names—*Liſſardo!* From whence came you?

Enter Liſſardo *in a Riding Habit.*

Liſſ. That Letter will inform you, Sir.

Fred. I hope your Maſter's ſafe.

Liſſ. I left him ſo; I have another to deliver which requires Haſte—Your moſt humble Servant, Sir. [*bowing.*

Fred. To *Violante*, I ſuppoſe.

Liſſ. The ſame. [*Exit.*

Fred. (Reads) Dear *Frederick*, the two chief Bleſſings of this Life are a Friend, and a Miſtreſs; to be debarred the ſight of thoſe is not to live. I hear nothing of *Antonio*'s Death, therefore reſolve to venture to thy Houſe this Evening impatient to ſee *Violante*, and embrace my Friend. Yours, *Felix.*

Pray Heaven he comes undiſcover'd.—Ha! Colonel *Britton.*

Enter Colonel Britton *in a Riding Habit.*

Col. Frederick, I rejoice to ſee thee.

Fred. What brought you to *Liſbon*, Colonel?

Col. La Fortune de la Guerre, as the *French* ſay: I have commanded theſe three laſt years in *Spain*, but my Country has thought fit to ſtrike up a Peace, and give us good *Proteſtants* leave to hope for Chriſtian Burial, ſo I reſolve to take *Liſbon* in my Way home.

Fred.

Fred. If you are not provided of a Lodging, Colonel, pray command my Houſe while you ſtay.

Col. If I were ſure I ſhould not be troubleſome, I wou'd accept your Offer, *Frederick*.

Fred. So far from Trouble, Colonel, I ſhall take it as a particular Favour; what have we here?

Col. My Footman, this is our Country Dreſs, you muſt know, which, for the Honour of *Scotland*, I make all my Servants wear.

Enter Gibby *in a* Highland *Dreſs*.

Gib. What mun I de with the Horſes, an like yer Honour, they will tack cold gin they ſtand in the Cauſeway.

Fred. Oh! I'll take care of them, that hoa *Vaſquez*.

[*Enter* Vaſquez.

Put thoſe Horſes which that honeſt Fellow will ſhow you into my Stable, do you hear? and feed them well.

Vaſ. Yes, Sir.—Sir, by my Maſter's Order, I am, Sir, your moſt obſequious humble Servant. Be pleas'd to lead the Way. [*bowing*.

Gib. 'Sbleed, gang yer gat, Sir, and I ſall follow yee: Iſe tee hungry to feed on Compliments. [*Exit*.

Fred. Ha, ha, a comical Fellow———Well, how do you like our Country, Colonel?

Col. Why Faith, *Frederick*, a Man might paſs his Time agreeable enough with-inſide of a Nunnery; but to behold ſuch Troops of ſoft, plump, tender, melting, wiſhing, nay willing Girls too, thro' a damn'd Gate, give us *Brittons* ſtrong Temptation to plunder. Ah *Frederick*, your Prieſts are wicked Rogues. They immure Beauty for their own proper Uſe, and ſhew it only to the Laity to create Deſires, and inflame Accompts, that they may purchaſe Pardons at a dearer Rate.

Fred. I own Wenching is ſomething more difficult here than in *England*, where Women's Liberties are ſubſer-

vient to their Inclinations, and Huſbands ſeem of no Effect but to take Care of the Children which their Wives provide.

Col. And does Reſtraint get the better of Inclination with your Women here? No, I'll be ſworn not even in fourſcore. Don't I know the Conſtitution of the *Spaniſh* Ladies?

Fred. And of all Ladies where you come, Colonel; you were ever a Man of Gallantry.

Col. Ah *Frederick*, the *Kirk* half ſtarves us *Scotchmen*. We are kept ſo ſharp at home, that we feed like Canibals abroad. Hark ye, haſt thou never a pretty Acquaintance now that thou would'ſt conſign over to a Friend for half an Hour, ha?

Fred. Faith, Colonel, I am the worſt Pimp in *Chriſtendom*; you had better truſt to your own Luck; the Women will find you out, I warrant you.

Col. Ay, but it is dangerous forraging in an Enemy's Country, and ſince I have ſome Hopes of ſeeing my own again, I had rather purchaſe my Pleaſure, than run the Hazard of a *Stilletto* in my Guts. 'Egad I think I muſt even marry, and ſacrifice my Body for the good of my Soul; wilt thou recommend me to a Wife then, one that is willing to exchange her *Moydores* for *Engliſh* Liberty; ha Friend?

Fred. She muſt be very handſome, I ſuppoſe.

Col. The handſomer the better—but be ſure ſhe has a Noſe.

Fred. Ay, ay, and ſome Gold.

Col. Oh, very much Gold, I ſhall never be able to ſwallow the Matrimonial Pill, if it be not well gilded.

Fred. Puh, Beauty will make it ſlide down nimbly.

Col. At firſt perhaps it may, but the ſecond or third Doſe will choak me——I confeſs, *Frederick*, Women are the prettieſt Play-things in Nature; but Gold, ſubſtantial Gold, gives 'em the Air, the Mien, the Shape, the Grace, and Beauty of a Goddeſs.

Fred.

Fred. And has not Gold the ſame Divinity in their Eyes, Colonel?

Col. Too often.—Money is the very God of Marriage: the Poets dreſs him in a Saffron Robe, by which they figure out the golden Deity, and his lighted Torch blazons thoſe mighty Charms, which encourage us to liſt under his Banner.

None marry now for Love, no, that's a Jeſt.
The ſelf ſame Bargain ſerves for Wife and Beaſt.

Fred. You are always gay, Colonel; come, ſhall we take a refreſhing Glaſs at my Houſe, and conſider what has been ſaid?

Col. I have two or three Compliments to diſcharge for ſome Friends, and then I ſhall wait on you with Pleaſure: Where do you live?

Fred. At yon Corner Houſe with the green Rails.

Col. In the Cloſe of the Evening I will endeavour to kiſs your Hand Adieu. [*Exit.*

Fred. I ſhall expect you with Impatience. [*Exit.*

Enter Iſabella *and* Inis *her Maid.*

Inis. For Goodneſs ſake, Madam, where are you going in this Pet?

Iſab. Any where to avoid Matrimony; the Thoughts of a Huſband is as terrible to me as the Sight of a Hobgoblin.

Inis. Ay, of an old Huſband; but if you may chuſe for yourſelf, I fancy Matrimony would be no ſuch frightful thing to you.

Iſab. You are pretty much in the right, *Inis*; but to be forc'd into the Arms of an Idiot, a ſneaking, ſnivling, drivling, avaricious Fool, who has neither Perſon to pleaſe the Eye, Senſe to charm the Ear, nor Generoſity to ſupply thoſe Defects. Ah, *Inis!* What pleaſant Lives Women lead in *England*, where Duty wears no

Fetter but Inclination: The Cuſtom of our Country inſlaves us from our very Cradles, firſt to our Parents, next to our Huſbands; and when Heaven is ſo kind to rid us of both theſe, our Brothers ſtill uſurp Authority, and expect a blind Obedience from us; ſo that Maids, Wives, or Widows, we are little better than Slaves to the Tyrant Man; therefore, to avoid their Power, I reſolve to caſt myſelf into a Monaſtery.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own Throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, Madam, thoſe Eyes tell me you have no Nun's Fleſh about you: a Monaſtery, quotha! Where you'll wiſh yourſelf in the Green-Sickneſs in a Month.

Iſab. What care I, there will be no Man to plague me.

Inis. No, nor what's much worſe, to pleaſe you neither—Ad'ſlife, Madam, you are the firſt Woman that e'er deſpair'd in a Chriſtian Country——Were I in your Place——

Iſab. Why, what wou'd your Wiſdom do if you were?

Inis. I'd imbark with the firſt fair Wind with all my Jewels, and ſeek my Fortune on t'other ſide the Water; no Shore can treat you worſe than your own; there's ne'er a Father in *Chriſtendom* ſhould make me marry any Man againſt my Will.

Iſab. I am too great a Coward to follow your Advice. I muſt contrive ſome way to avoid *Don Guzman*, and yet ſtay in my Country.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Muſt you ſo, Miſtreſs? but I ſhall take Care to prevent you. (*Aſide.*) *Iſabella*, whither are you going, my Child?

Iſab. Ha! my Father! to Church, Sir.

Inis. The old Rogue has certainly over-heard her. [*Aſide.*

Lop. Your Devotion muſt needs be very ſtrong, or your

your Memory very weak, my Dear; why, Veſpers are over for this Night; come, come, you ſhall have a better Errand to Church than to ſay your Prayers there *Don Guzman* is arriv'd in the River, and I expect him aſhore To-morrow.

Iſab. Ha, To-morrow!

Lop. He writes me Word, That his Eſtate in *Holland* is worth 12000 Crowns a Year, which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happieſt Wife in *Liſbon*.

Iſab. And the moſt unhappy Woman in the World. Oh Sir! If I have any Power in your Heart, if the tenderneſs of a Father be not quite extinct, hear me with Patience.

Lop. No Objection againſt the Marriage, and I will hear whatever thou haſt to ſay.

Iſab. That's torturing me on the Rack, and forbidding me to groan; upon my Knees I claim the Privilege of Fleſh and Blood. [*Kneels.*

Lop. I grant it, thou ſhalt have an Arm full of Fleſh and Blood To-morrow; Fleſh and Blood, quotha; Heaven forbid I ſhould deny thee Fleſh and Blood, my Girl.

Inis. Here's an old Dog for you. [*Aſide.*

Iſab. Do not miſtake, Sir; the fatal Stroke which ſeparates Soul and Body, is not more terrible to the Thoughts of Sinners, than the Name of *Guzman* to my Ear.

Lop. Puh, Puh; you lye, you lye.

Iſab. My frighted Heart beats hard againſt my Breaſt as if it ſought a Paſſage to your Feet, to beg you'd change your Purpoſe.

Lop. A very pretty Speech this; if it were turn'd into blank Verſe, it would ſerve for a *Tragedy*; why, thou haſt more Wit, than I thought thou hadſt, Child. ——I fancy this was all *extempore*, I don't believe thou did'ſt ever think one Word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but ſhe has, my Lord, for I have heard her ſay the ſame Things a thouſand Times.

Lop. How, how? What, do you top your ſecond-hand Jeſts upon your Father, Huſſy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourſelf? remember 'tis your Duty to obey.

Iſab (Riſing) I never diſobey'd before, and wiſh I had not Reaſon now; but Nature has got the better of my Duty, and makes me loath the harſh Commands you lay.

Lop. Ha, ha, very fine! Ha, ha.

Iſab. Death itſelf would be more welcome.

Lop. Are you ſure of that?

Iſab. I am your Daughter, my Lord, and can boaſt as ſtrong a Reſolution as yourſelf; I'll die before I'll marry *Guzman.*

Lop. Say you ſo? I'll try that preſantly. *(Draws.)* Here, let me ſee with what Dexterity you can breathe a Vein now *(offers her his Sword.)* The Point is pretty ſharp, 'twill do your Buſineſs I warrant you.

Inis. Bleſs me, Sir, What do you mean to put a Sword into the Hands of a deſperate Woman?

Lop. Deſperate, ha, ha ha, you ſee how deſperate ſhe is; what, art thou frighted little *Bell?* ha!

Iſab. I confeſs I am ſtartled at your Morals, Sir,

Lop. Ay, ay, Child, thou hadſt better take the Man, he'll hurt thee the leaſt of the two.

Iſab. I ſhall take neither, Sir; Death has many Doors, and when I can live no longer with Pleaſure, I ſhall find one to let him in at without your Aid.

Lop. Say'ſt thou ſo, my dear *Bell?* Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little Lunatick, *Bell.* I muſt take care of thee, Child, *(takes hold of her, and pulls out of his Pocket a Key)* I ſhall make bold to ſecure thee, my Dear: I'll ſee if Locks and Bars can keep thee till *Guzman* comes; go, get into your Chamber.

There I'll your boaſted Reſolution try,
And ſee who'll get the better, you or I.

(puſhes her in, and locks the Door.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Room in* Don Pedro's *Houſe.*

Enter Donna Violante *reading a Letter, and* Flora *following.*

Flora. WHAT, muſt that Letter be read again?

Vio. Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thouſand Times again; a Letter from a faithful Lover can ne'er be read too often; it ſpeaks ſuch kind, ſuch ſoft, ſuch tender Things—— [*Kiſſes it.*

Flo. But always the ſame Language.

Vio. It does not charm the leſs for that.

Flo. In my Opinion, nothing charms that does not change; and any Compoſition of the four and twenty Letters after the firſt Eſſay, from the ſame Hand, muſt be dull, except a Bank Note, or a Bill of Exchange.

Vio. Thy Taſte is my Averſion—*(Reads)* My all that's charming, ſince Life's not Life exil'd from thee, this Night ſhall bring me to thy Arms *Frederick* and thee are all I truſt: Theſe ſix Weeks Abſence has been in Love's Accompt ſix hundred Years when it is dark, expect the wonted Signal at thy Window, till when, adieu, thine more than his own, *Felix.*

Flo. Who wou'd not have ſaid as much to a Lady of her Beauty, and twenty Thouſand Pounds.—Were I a Man, methinks, I cou'd have ſaid a Hundred finer Things; I would have compar'd your Eyes to the Stars, your Teeth to Ivory, your Lips to Coral, your Neck to Alabaſter, your Shape to——

Vio. No more of your Bombaſt, Truth is the beſt Eloquence in a Lover—What Proof remains ungiven of his Love? When his Father threatned to diſinherit him, for refuſing *Don Antonio*'s Siſter, from whence ſprung this

unhappy Quarrel, Did it ſhake his Love for me? And now, tho' ſtrict Enquiry runs thro' every Place, with large Rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me?

Flo. But you know, Madam, your Father *Don Pedro* deſigns you for a Nun, and ſays your Grandfather left you your Fortune upon that Condition.

Vio. Not without my Approbation, Girl, when I come to one and Twenty, as I am informed. But however, I ſhall run the Riſk of that; go call in *Liſſardo.*

Flo. Yes, Madam: now for a Thouſand Verbal Queſtions. [Exit, *and re-enter with* Liſſardo.

Vio. Well, and how do you do, *Liſſardo?*

Liſſ. Ah, very weary, Madam—Faith thou look'ſt wondrous pretty, *Flora.* [*Aſide to* Flora.

Vio. How came you?

Liſſ. *En Chevalier*, Madam, upon a Hackney-Jade, which they told me formerly belong'd to an *Engliſh* Colonel. But I ſhould have rather thought ſhe had been bred a good *Roman Catholick* all her Life time; for ſhe down on her Knees to every Stock and Stone we came along by.—My Chaps waters for a Kiſs, they do, *Flora.* [*Aſide to* Flora.

Flo. You'd make one believe you are wondrous fond, now.

Vio. Where did you leave your Maſter?

Liſſ. Od, if I had you alone Houſe-Wife, I'd ſhow you how fond I cou'd be—[Aſide to *Flora.*] At a little Farm-Houſe, Madam, above five Miles off; he'll be at *Don Frederick*'s in the Evening——Od, I will ſo revenge myſelf of thoſe Lips of thine. [*to* Flora.

Vio. Is he in Health?

Flo. Oh, you counterfeit wonderous well. [*to* Liſſ.

Liſſ. No, every Body knows I counterfeit very ill. [*to* Flora.

Vio. How ſay you? Is *Felix* ill? What's his Diſtemper? Ha!

Liſſ.

Liſſ. A pies on't, I hate to be interrupted——Love Madam, Love——In ſhort, Madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your Ladyſhip ever ſince he left *Liſbon*. I am ſure he cou'd not, if I may judge of his Heart by my own. [*Looking lovingly upon* Flora.

Vio. How came you ſo well acquainted with your Maſter's Thoughts, *Liſſardo?*

Liſſ. By an infallible Rule, Madam; Words are the Pictures of the Mind you know, now to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you——for Example, Madam, coming from Shooting t'other Day, with a Brace of Partridges, *Liſſardo*, ſaid he, go bid the Cook roaſt me theſe *Violante's*——I flew into the Kitchen, full of Thoughts of thee, cry'd. Here, Cook roaſt me theſe *Florella's*. [*to* Flora.

Flo. Ha, ha, excellent——You mimick your Maſter then it ſeems.

Liſſ. I can do every Thing as well as my Maſter, you little Rogue:—another Time, Madam, the Prieſt came to make him a Viſit, he call'd out haſtily; *Liſſardo*, ſaid he, bring a *Violante* for my Father to ſit down on,—then he often miſtook my Name, Madam, and call'd me *Violante*; in ſhort, I heard it ſo often, that it became as familiar to me as my Prayers.

Vio. You live very merrily then it ſeems.

Liſſ. Oh, exceeding merry, Madam. [*Kiſſes* Flora's *Hand.*

Vio. Ha! exceeding merry; had you Treats and Balls?

Liſſ. Oh! Yes, yes, Madam, ſeveral.

Flo. You are mad, *Liſſardo*, you don't mind what my Lady ſays to you. [*Aſide to* Liſſardo.

Vio. Ha! Balls——Is he ſo merry in my Abſence? And did your Maſter dance, *Liſſardo?*

Liſſ. Dance Madam! Where Madam?

Vio. Why, at thoſe Balls you ſpeak of.

Liſſ. Balls! What Balls Madam?

Vio.

Vio. Why, ſure you are in Love, *Liſſardo*; did not you ſay, but now, you had Balls where you have been?

Liſſ. Balls Madam; Odſlife, I aſk your Pardon, Madam! I, I, I, had miſlaid ſome Waſh Balls of my Maſter's t'other Day; and becauſe I cou'd not think where I had laid them, juſt when he aſk'd for them, he very fairly broke my Head, Madam, and now it ſeems I can think of nothing elſe. Alas! He dance, Madam! No, no, poor Gentleman, he is as melancholy as an unbraced Drum.

Vio. Poor *Felix!* There, wear that Ring for your Maſter's Sake, and let him know I ſhall be ready to receive him. [*Exit* Vio.

Liſſ. I ſhall Madam—*(puts on the Ring)* methinks a Diamond Ring is a vaſt Addition to the little Finger of a Gentleman. [*admiring his Hand.*

Flo. That Ring muſt be mine——Well *Liſſardo!* What Haſte you make to pay off Arrears now? Look how the Fellow ſtands!

Liſſ. Egad, methinks I have a very pretty Hand—and very white——and the Shape!——Faith, I never minded it ſo much before!——In my Opinion it is a very fine ſhaped Hand——and becomes a Diamond Ring, as well as the firſt Grandee's in *Portugal.*

Flo. The Man's tranſported! Is this your Love! This your Impatience!

Liſſ. (Takes Snuff) Now in my Mind———I take Snuff with a very *Jantee* Air——Well, I am perſuaded I want nothing but a Coach, and a Title, to make me a very fine Gentleman. *(Struts about.*

Flo. Sweet Mr. *Liſſardo, (curteſying)* if I may preſume to ſpeak to you, without affronting your little Finger———

Liſſ. Odſo Madam, I aſk your Pardon——Is it to me, or to the Ring——you direct your Diſcourſe, Madam?

Flo. Madam! Good lack! How much a Diamond-Ring improves one!

Liſſ.

Liſſ. Why, tho' I ſay it——I can carry myſelf as well as any Body———But what wer't thou going to ſay Child?

Flo. Why I was going to ſay, that I fancy you had beſt let me keep that Ring; it will be a very pretty Wedding-Ring, *Liſſardo*, would it not?

Liſſ. Humph! Ah! But——but——but——I believe I ſhan't marry yet a while.

Flo. You ſhan't you ſay——Very well! I ſuppoſe you deſign that Ring for *Inis*.

Liſſ. No, no, I never bribe an old Acquaintance—Perhaps I might let it ſparkle in the Eyes of a Stranger a little, till we come to aright Underſtanding——But then, like all other mortal Things, it would return from whence it came.

Flo. Inſolent———Is that your Manner of dealing?

Liſſ. With all but thee—Kiſs me, you little Rogue you. [*Hugging her.*

Flo Little Rogue! Prithee Fellow, don't be ſo familiar, *(puſhing him away)* if I mayn't keep your Ring, I can keep my Kiſſes.

Liſſ. You can, you ſay! Spoke with the Air of a Chamber-maid.

Flo. Reply'd with the Spirit of a ſerving Man.

Liſſ. Prithee, *Flora*, don't let you and I fall out, I am in a merry Humour, and ſhall certainly fall in ſomewhere

Flo. What care I, where you fall in.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Why do you keep *Liſſardo* ſo long, *Flora*? When you don't know how ſoon my Father may awake, his Afternoon Naps are never long.

Flo. Had *Don Felix* been with her, ſhe would not have thought the Time long; theſe Ladies conſider no Body's Wants but their own. [*Aſide.*

Vio. Go, go, let him out, and bring a Candle.

Flo. Yes Madam.

Liſſ.

Liſſ. I fly, Madam. [*Exit.* Liſſ. *and* Flora.

Vio. The Day draws in, and Night,——————the Lover's Friend advances——Night more welcome than the Sun to me, becauſe it brings my Love.

Flor. (Shrieks within) Ah Thieves, Thieves! Murder, Murder!

Vio. (Shrieks) Ah! defend me Heaven! What do I hear? *Felix* is certainly purſu'd, and will be taken.

Enter Flora *running.*

Vio. How now! Why doſt ſtare ſo? Anſwer me quickly! What's the Matter?

Flor. Oh Madam! as I was letting out *Liſſardo*, a Gentleman ruſhed between him and I, ſtruck down my Candle, and is bringing a dead Perſon in his Arms into our Houſe.

Vio. Ha! a dead Perſon! Heaven grant it do's not prove my *Felix*.

Flor. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Colonel *with* Iſabella *in his Arms.*

Vio. I'll retire till you diſcover the meaning of the Accident. [*Exit.*

Col. (Sets Iſabella *down in a Chair, and addreſſes himſelf to* Flora.

Madam, The Neceſſity this Lady was under, of being conveyed into ſome Houſe with Speed and Secrecy, will I hope excuſe any Indecency I might be guilty of, in preſſing ſo rudely into this——————I am an entire Stranger to her Name and Circumſtances; wou'd I were ſo to her Beauty too. *(Aſide.)* I commit her Madam to your Care, and fly to make her Retreat ſecure, if the Street be clear; permit me to return and learn from her own Mouth, if I can be farther ſerviceable: pray, Madam, how is the Lady of this Houſe call'd?

Flor.

Flor. Violante, Senior——He is a handſome *Cavalier*, and promiſes well [*Aſide.*

Col. Are you ſhe, Madam?

Flor Only her woman, *Senior.*

Col. Your humble Servant, Mrs. Pray be careful of the Lady——*(gives her two Moydores)* [*Exit. Col.*

Flor. Two Moydores! Well he is a generous Fellow. This is the only Way to make one careful; I find all Countries underſtand the Conſtitution of a Chamber-maid.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Was you diſtracted *Flora?* To tell my Name to a Man you never ſaw! Unthinking Wench! Who knows what this may turn to—What is the Lady dead! Ah! defend me Heaven, 'tis *Iſabella*, Siſter to my *Felix*, what has befal'n her? Pray Heaven's he's ſafe——Run and fetch ſome cold Water, [*Exit* Flora, *and enters with Water*] *Iſabella*, Friend ſpeak to me, Oh! ſpeak to me, or I ſhall die with Apprehenſion.

Flor. See, ſhe revives.

Iſab O! hold my deareſt Father, do not force me, indeed I cannot love him.

Vio. How wild ſhe talks.———

Iſab. Ha! where am I?

Vio. With one as ſenſible of thy Pain as thou thy ſelf canſt be.

Iſab. Violante! What kind Star preſerved, and lodg'd me here?

Flor. It was a Terreſtrial Star call'd a Man, Madam; pray *Jupiter* he proves a lucky one.

Iſab. Oh! I remember now, forgive me dear *Violante*, my Thoughts ran ſo much upon the Danger I eſcap'd, I forgot.

Vio. May I not know your Story!

Iſab.

Iſab. Thou art no Stranger to one part of it; I have often told thee that my Father deſign'd to ſacrifice me to the arms of *Don Guzman*, who it ſeems is juſt return'd from *Holland*, and expected aſhore to-morrow, the Day that he has ſet to celebrate our Nuptials. Upon my refuſing to obey him, he lock'd me into my Chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arriv'd, and force me to conſent. I know my Father to be poſitive, never to be won from his Deſign; and having no hope left me, to eſcape the Marriage, I leap'd from the Window, into the Street.

Vio. You have not hurt yourſelf I hope.

Iſab. No, a Gentleman paſſing by, by Accident, caught me in his Arms; at firſt my Fright made me apprehend it was my Father, till he aſſured me to the contrary.

Flor. He is a very fine Gentleman, I promiſe you, Madam, and a well-bred Man, I warrant him. I think I never ſaw a Grandee put his Hand into his Pocket with a better Air in my whole Life-time; then he open'd his Purſe with ſuch a Grace, that nothing but his Manner of preſenting me the Gold cou'd equal.

Vio. There is but one common Road to the Heart of a Servant, and 'tis impoſſible for a generous Perſon to miſtake it.—But how came you hither *Iſabella?*

Iſab. I know not; I deſired the Stranger to convey me to the next *Monaſtery* but e'er, I reached thy Door, I ſaw, or fancy'd that I ſaw, *Liſſardo* my Brother's Man, and the Thought that his Maſter might not be far off, flung me into a Swoon, which is all that I remember: Ha! What's here *(takes up a Letter) For* Colonel *Britton, to be left at the Poſt-houſe in* Liſbon; this muſt be brought by the Stranger which brought me hither.

Vio. Thou art fallen into the Hands of a Soldier; take care he does not lay thee under Contribution, Girl.

Iſab.

Iſab. I find he is a Gentleman; and if he be but unmarried, I cou'd be content to follow him all the World over.—But I ſhall never ſee him more I fear. *(Sighs and pauſes.*

Vio. What make you ſigh, *Iſabella?*

Iſab. The fear of falling into my Father's Clutches again.

Vio. Can I be ſerviceable to you?

Iſab. Yes, if you'll conceal me two or three Days.

Vio. You command my Houſe and Secrecy.

Iſab. I thank you, *Violante.*—I wiſh you would oblige me with Mrs. *Flora* a while.

Vio. I'll ſend for her to you—I muſt watch if Dad be ſtill aſleep, or here will be no Room for *Felix.* *(Exit.*

Iſab. Well I don't know what ails me, methinks I wiſh I cou'd find this Stranger out.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Does your Ladyſhip want me, Madam?

Iſab. Ay, Mrs. *Flora,* I reſolve to make you my Confident.

Flo. I ſhall endeavour to diſcharge my Duty, Madam.

Iſab. I doubt it not, and deſire you to accept this as a Token of my Gratitude.

Flo. O dear *Senjora,* I ſhou'd have been your humble Servant without a Fee.

Iſab I believe it—But to the Purpoſe—Do you think if you ſaw the Gentleman which brought me hither you ſhou'd know him again?

Flo. From a Thouſand, Madam; I have an excellent Memory where an handſome man is concerned; when he went away he ſaid he would return again immediately. I admire he comes not.

Iſab. Here, did you ſay? You rejoice me—Tho' I'll not ſee him, if he comes: cou'd not you contrive to give him a Letter?

Flo. With the Air of a Duenna—

Iſab. Not in this Houſe—you muſt veil and follow him—He muſt not know it comes from me.

Flo. What do you take me for a Novice in Love Affairs? Tho' I have not practis'd the Art ſince I have been in *Donna Violante*'s Service, yet I have not loſt the Theory of a Chamber-maid—Do you write the Letter, and leave the reſt to me—Here, here, here's Pen Ink and Paper.

Iſab. I'll do't in a Minute. [*Sits down to write.*

Flo. So! This is a Buſineſs after my own Heart; Love always takes care to reward his Labourers, and *Great Britain* ſeems to be his favourite Country — Oh, I long to ſee the other two Moydores with a Britiſh Air—Methinks there's a Grace peculiar to that Nation in making a Preſent.

Iſab. So I have done, now if he does but find this Houſe again!

Flo. If he ſhou'd not—I warrant I'll find him if he's in *Liſbon*. [*Puts the Letter into her Boſom.*

Enter Violante.

Vio. *Flora*, watch my papa; he's faſt aſleep in his Study—If you find him ſtir give me Notice—Hark, I here *Felix* at the Window, admit him inſtantly, and then to your Poſt. *Exit* Flora.

Iſab. What ſay you *Violante?* Is my Brother come?

Vio. It is his Signal at the Window

Iſab. *(Kneels.)* Oh! *Violante*, I conjure thee by all the Love thou bear'ſt to *Felix*—By thy own generous Nature—Nay more, by that unſpotted Virtue thou art Miſtreſs of, do not diſcover to my Brother I am here.

Vio. Contrary to your Deſire, be aſſur'd I never ſhall. But where's the Danger?

Iſab. Art thou born in *Liſbon*, and aſk that Queſtion? He'll think his Honour blemiſh'd by my Diſobedience,

obedience, and wou'd reſtore me to my Father, or kill me; therefore, dear, dear Girl.

Vio. Depend upon my Friendſhip, nothing ſhall draw thy Secret from theſe Lips, not even *Felix*, tho' at the Hazard of his Love; I hear him coming, retire into that Cloſet.

Iſab. Remember, *Violante*, upon thy Promiſe my very Life depends. [*Exit.*

Vio. When I betray thee, may I ſhare thy Fate.

Enter Flora *with* Felix.

Vio. My *Felix*, my everlaſting Love. (*runs into his Arms.*

Fel. My Life, my Soul! My *Violante!*

Vio. What Hazards doſt thou run for me? Oh, how ſhall I requite thee?

Fel. If during this tedious painful Exile, thy Thoughts have never wander'd from thy *Felix*, thou haſt made me more than Satisfaction.

Vio. Can there be Room within this Heart for any but thyſelf? No, if the God of Love were loſt to all the reſt of human Kind, thy Image wou'd ſecure him in my Breaſt; I am all Truth, all Love, all Faith, and know no jealous Fears.

Fel. My Heart's the proper Sphere where Love reſides; cou'd he quit that he wou'd be no where found; and yet, *Violante*, I'm in Doubt.

Vio. Did I ever give thee Cauſe to doubt, my *Felix?*

Fel. True Love has many Fears, and Fear as many Eyes as Fame; yet ſure I think they ſee no Fault in thee——What's that? (*the Colonel pats at the Window without.*)

Vio. What? I heard nothing. (*He pats again.*

Fel. Ha! What means this Signal at your Window?

Vio. Somebody, perhaps, in paſſing by, might accidentally hit it, it can be nothing elſe.

Col (Within) Hiſt, hiſt, *Donna Violante, Donna Violante.*

Fel. They uſe your Name by accident too, do they Madam? *Enter* Flora.

Flo. There is a Gentleman at the Window, Madam, which I fancy to be him who brought *Iſabella* hither; ſhall I admit him! (*Aſide to* Violante.

Vio. Admit Diſtraction rather, thou art the Cauſe of this, unthinking Wretch! (*Aſide to* Flora.

Fel. What has Mrs. *Scout* brought you freſh Intelligence? Death, I'll know the Bottom of this immediately! (*offers to go.*

Flo. Scout, I ſcorn your Words, *Senior*.

Vio. Nay, nay, nay, nay, you muſt not leave me. (*runs and catches hold of him.*

Fel. Oh! 'Tis not fair, not to anſwer the Gentleman, Madam. It is none of his Fault, that his Viſit proves unſeaſonable; pray let me go, my Preſence is but a reſtraint upon you. (*ſtruggles to get from her.* (*The Colonel pats again.*

Vio. Was ever Accident ſo miſchievous! (*Aſide.*

Flo. It muſt be the Colonel; now to deliver my Letter to him. *Exit.*

Fel. Hark he grows impatient at your Delay—Why do you hold the Man, whoſe Abſence wou'd oblige you? pray let me go, Madam; conſider, the Gentleman wants you at the Window. Confuſion! (*ſtruggles ſtill.*)

Vio. It is not me he wants.

Fel. Death, not you? Is there another of your Name in the Houſe? But, come on, convince me of the Truth of what you ſay: Open the Window, if his Buſineſs does not lie with you, your Converſation may be heard—This, and only this, can take off my Suſpicion—What do you pauſe? Oh! Guilt! Guilt! Have I caught you? Nay then I'll leap the Balcony. If I remember, this Way leads to it. (*breaks from her and goes to the Door where* Iſabella *is.*)

Vio. Oh Heaven! What ſhall I do now, hold, hold, hold, hold, not for the World——You enter there ———Which

——Which Way ſhall I preſerve his Siſter from his Knowledge? [*Aſide.*

Fel. What have I touch'd you? do you fear your Lover's Life?

Vio. I fear for none but you——For Goodneſs Sake, do not ſpeak ſo loud, my *Felix*. If my Father hear you I am loſt for ever; that Door opens into his Apartment. What ſhall I do if he enters? There he finds his Siſter——If he goes out he'll quarrel with the Stranger——Nay do not ſtruggle to be gone, my *Felix* ——If I open the Window he may diſcover the whole Intrigue, and yet of all Evils we ought to chuſe the leaſt. Your Curioſity ſhall be ſatisfied. Whoe'er you are that with ſuch Inſolence dare uſe my Name, and give the Neighbourhood Pretence to reflect upon my Conduct, I charge you inſtantly be gone, or expect the Treatment you deſerve. (*goes to the Window and throws up the Saſh.*

Col. I aſk your Pardon, Madam, and will obey; but when I left this Houſe to Night.——

Fel. Good!

Vio. It is moſt certainly the Stranger; what will be the Event of this Heaven knows. *Aſide.*) You are miſtaken in the Houſe I ſuppoſe, Sir.

Fel. No, no, he is not miſtaken——Pray Madam let the Gentleman go on.

Vio. Wretched Misfortune, pray be gone, Sir, I know of no Buſineſs you have here.

Col. I wiſh I did not know it neither———But this Houſe contains my Soul, then can you blame my Body for hovering about it?

Fel. Excellent!

Vio. Diſtraction! He will infallibly diſcover *Iſabella*. I tell you again you are miſtaken; however for your own Satisfaction call To-morrow.

Fel. Matchleſs Impudence! An Aſſignation before my Face——No, he ſhall not live to meet your Wiſhes. (*Takes out a Piſtol and goes towards the Window; ſhe catches hold of him.*)

Vio. Ah! *(Shrieks)* hold I conjure you.

Col. To-morrow's an Age, Madam! May I not be admitted To-night?

Vio. If you be a Gentleman I command your Abſence. Unfortunate! What will my Stars do with me? [*Aſide.*

Col. I have done.—Only this—Be careful of my Life, for it in your Keeping. [*Exit from the Window.*

Fel. Pray obſerve the Gentleman's Requeſt, Madam [*Walking off from her.*

Vio. I am all Confuſion. [*Aſide.*

Fel. You are all Truth, all Love, all Faith: Oh thou all Woman!———How have I been deceiv'd? S'Death, cou'd not you have impos'd upon me for this one Night? Cou'd neither my faithful Love, nor the Hazard I have run to ſee you, make me worthy to be cheated on?

Vio. Can I bear this from you? [*Weeps.*

Fel. (Repeats) When I left this Houſe to-night——To-night, the Devil! Return ſo ſoon!

Vio. Oh *Iſabella!* What haſt thou involved me in! [*Aſide.*

Fel. (Repeats) This Houſe contains my Soul.

Vio. Yet I reſolve to keep the Secret. [*Aſide.*

Fel. (Repeats) Be careful of my Life, for 'tis in your Keeping.——Damnation!——How ugly ſhe appears? [*Looking at her.*

Vio. Do not look ſo ſternly on me, but believe me, *Felix*, I have not injur'd you, nor am I falſe.

Fel. Not falſe, not injur'd me! Oh *Violante*, loſt and abandon'd to thy Vice! Not falſe, oh monſtrous!

Vio. Indeed I am not——There is a Cauſe which I muſt not reveal—Oh think how far Honour can oblige your Sex——Then allow a Woman may be bound by the ſame Rule to keep a Secret.

Fel. Honour, what haſt thou to do with Honour, thou that canſt admit Plurality of Lovers? A Secret! Ha, ha, ha, his Affairs are wondrous ſafe, who truſts his Secret to a Woman's Keeping; but you need give yourſelf no Trouble

Trouble about clearing this Point, Madam, for you are become ſo indifferent to me, that your Truth and Falſhood are the ſame!

Vio. My Love! [*Offers to take his Hand.*

Fel. My Torment! [*Turns from her.*

Enter Flora.

Flo. So I have deliver'd my Letter to the Colonel, and receiv'd my Fee. (*Aſide.*) Madam, your Father bad me ſee whas Noiſe that was—For Goodneſs ſake, Sir, why do you ſpeak ſo loud!

Fel. I underſtand my Cue, Miſtreſs; my Abſence is neceſſary, I'll oblige you. (*going*) (*takes hold of him.*

Vio. Oh let me undeceive you firſt!

Fel. Impoſſible!

Vio. 'Tis very poſſible if I durſt.

Fel. Durſt! Ha, ha, ha, durſt, quotha?

Vio. But another Time I'll tell thee all.

Fel. Nay, now or never——

Vio. Now it cannot be.

Fel. Then it ſhall never be—Thou moſt ungrateful of thy Sex, farewel. [*Breaks from her and Exit.*

Vio. Oh exquiſite Trial of my Friendſhip! Yet no even this, ſhall draw the Secret from me.

That I'll preſerve, let Fortune frown or ſmile,
And truſt to Love, my Love to reconcile. Exit.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. WAS ever Man thus plagu'd! Odſheart, I cou'd ſwallow my Dagger for Madneſs; I know not what to think; ſure *Frederick* had no Hand in her Eſcape—She muſt get out of the Window; and ſhe could not do that without a Ladder: and who cou'd bring it her, but him? Ay, it muſt be ſo. The Diſlike he ſhew'd to *Don Guzman* in our Diſcourſe to Day, confirms my Suſpicion, and I will charge him home with it; ſure Children were given me for a Curſe! Why, what innumerable Misfortunes attend us Parents, when we have employed our whole Care to educate, and bring our Children up to Years of Maturity? Juſt when we expect to reap the Fruits of our Labour, a Man ſhall in the tinkling of a Bell, ſee one hang'd, t'other whor'd—This graceleſs Baggage—But I'll to *Frederick* immediately, I'll take the Alguzail with me, and ſearch his Houſe; and if I find her, I'll uſe her ——by St. *Anthony*, I don't know how I'll uſe her. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Colonel *with* Iſabella's *Letter in his Hand, and* Gibby *following.*

Col. Well, tho' I cou'd not ſee my fair *Incognita*, Fortune, to make me amends, has flung another Intrigue in my way. Oh! How I love theſe pretty, kind, coming Females, that won't give a Man the Trouble of racking his Invention to deceive them.——Oh *Portugal!* thou dear Garden of Pleaſure——Where Love drops down his mellow Fruit, and every Bough bends to our Hands, and ſeems to cry, Come, Pull and Eat; how deliciouſly a Man lives here without Fear of the

the Stool of Repentance?——This Letter I receiv'd from a Lady in a Veil—Some *Duenna!* Some neceſſary Implement of *Cupid?* I ſuppoſe the Stile is frank and eaſy, I hope like her that writ it. *(Reads.)* "Sir, "I have ſeen your Perſon, and like it."——*Very conciſe*——"And if you'll meet at five o'Clock in "the Morning upon the *Terriero de poſſa*, half an "Hours Converſation will let me into your Mind."—*Ha, ha, ha, a philoſophical Wench: This is the firſt Time I ever knew a Woman had any Buſineſs with the Mind of a Man.*——"If your Intellects anſwer your "outward Appearance, the Adventure may not diſ-"pleaſe you. I expect you'll not attempt to ſee my "Face, nor offer any thing unbecoming the Gentle-"man I take you for:"—Humph, the Gentleman ſhe takes me for; I hope ſhe takes me to be Fleſh and Blood, and then I am ſure I ſhall do nothing unbecoming a Gentleman. Well, if I muſt not ſee her Face, it ſhall go hard if I don't know where ſhe lives.—*Gibby.*

Gib. Here, an lik yer honour.

Col. Follow me at a good Diſtance, do you hear, *Gibby?*

Gib. In troth dee I, weel eneugh, Sir,

Col. I am to meet a Lady upon the *Terriero de poſſa.*

Gib. The Deel an mine Eyn gin I kenn her, Sir.

Col. But you will when we come there, Sirrah.

Gib. Like eneugh, Sir; I have as ſharp an Eyn tul a bony Laſs, as ere a Lad in aw *Scotland*; and what mun I dee wi her, Sir?

Col. Why, If ſhe and I part, you muſt watch her home, and bring me word where ſhe lives.

Gib. In troth ſal I, Sir, gin the Deel tak her not.

Col. Come along then, 'tis pretty near the Time.—I like a Woman that riſes early to purſue her Inclination.

Thus we improve the Pleaſures of the Day,
Whilſt taſteleſs Mortals ſleep their Time away. [Exit.

Scene

Scene changes to Frederick's *Houſe.*

Enter Inis *and* Liſſardo.

Liſſ. Your Lady run away, and you not know whither! Say you?

Inis. She never greatly car'd for me after finding you and I together; but you are very grave, methinks, *Liſſardo.*

Liſſ. (*Looking upon the Ring*) Not at all— I have ſome Thoughts indeed of altering my Courſe of living; there is a critical Minute in every Man's Life, which if he can but lay hold of, he may make his Fortune.

Inis. Ha! What, do I ſee a Diamond Ring! Where the Duce had he that Ring? You have got a very pretty Ring there, *Liſſardo.*

Liſſ. Ay, the Triſle is pretty enough ——But the Lady which gave it me is a *Bona Roba* in Beauty, I aſſure you. [*Cocks his Hat and ſtruts.*

Inis. I can't bear this——The Lady! What Lady, pray?

Liſſ. Oh fy! There's a Queſtion to aſk a Gentleman.

Inis. A Gentleman! Why, the Fellow's ſpoil'd! is this your Love for me? Ungrateful Man, you'll break my Heart, ſo you will. [*Burſts into Tears.*

Liſſ. Poor tender-hearted Fool.——

Inis. If I knew who gave you that Ring, I'd tear her Eyes out, ſo I wou'd. [*Sobs.*

Liſſ. So, now the Jade wants a little Coaxing; why, what doſt thou weep for now, my Dear? Ha!

Inis. I ſuppoſe *Flora* gave you that Ring; but I'll—

Liſſ. No the Devil take me if ſhe did, you make me ſwear no——So, they are All for the Ring, but I ſhall bob 'em: I did but joke, the Ring is none of mine, it is my Maſter's; I am to give it to be new ſet, that's all; therefore prithee dry thy Eyes, and kiſs me, come. [*Enter* Flora.

Inis. And do you really ſpeak Truth now?

Liſſ. Why do you doubt it?

Flo.

Flo. So, ſo, very well! I thought there was an Intrigue between him and *Inis*, for all he has forſworn it ſo often. [*Aſide.*

Inis. Nor han't you ſeen *Flora* ſince you came to Town.

Flo. Ha! How dares ſhe name my Name? [*Aſide.*

Liſſ. No, by this Kiſs I han't. [*Kiſſes her.*

Flo. Here's a diſſembling Varlet. [*Aſide.*

Inis. Nor don't you love her at all?

Liſſ. Love the Devil; why did not I always tell thee ſhe was my Averſion?

Flo Did you ſo, Villain? [*Strikes him a Box on the Ear.*

Liſſ. Zounds, ſhe here! I have made a fine Spot of Work on't. [*Aſide.*

Inis. What that for? Ha. [*Bruſhes up to her.*

Flo. I ſhall tell you by and by, Mrs. *Frippery*, if you don't get about your Buſineſs.

Inis. Who do you call *Frippery*, Mrs. *Trolup?* Pray get about your Buſineſs: If you go to that, I hope you pretend to no Right and Title here.

Liſſ What the Devil do they take me for, an Acre of Land, that they quarrel about Right and Title to me? [*Aſide.*

Flo. Pray what Right have you, Miſtreſs, to aſk that Queſtion?

Inis. No matter for that, I can ſhow a better Title to him than you, I believe.

Flo. What, has he given thee nine Months earneſt for a living Title? Ha, ha.

Inis. Don't fling your flaunting Jeſts at me, Mrs. *Boldface*, for I won't take 'em, I aſſure you.

Liſſ. So! Now am I as great as the fam'd *Alexander*. But my dear *Statira* and *Roxana*, don't exert yourſelves ſo much about me: Now, I fancy, if you wou'd agree lovingly together, I might, in a modeſt Way, ſatisfy both your Demands upon me.

Flo.

Flo. You ſatisfy! No, Sirrah, I am not to ſatisfy'd ſo ſoon as you think, perhaps.

Inis. No nor I neither.——What, do you make no Difference between us?

Flo. You pitiful Fellow you; what, you fancy, I warrant, that I gave myſelf the trouble of dogging you, out of Love to your filthy Perſon; but you are miſtaken, Sirrah—It was to detect your Treachery.—How often have you ſworn to me that you hated *Inis*, and only carried fair for the good Chear ſhe gave you; but that you could never like a Woman with crooked Legs, you ſaid.

Inis. How, how, Sirrah, crooked Legs! Ods; I cou'd find in my Heart. [*Snatching up her Petticoat a little.*

Liſſ. Here's a lying young Jade now! Prithee, my Dear, moderate thy Paſſion. [*Coaxingly.*

Inis. I'd have you to know, Sirrah, my Legs was never—your Maſter, I hope, underſtands Legs better than you do, Sirrah. [*paſſionately.*

Liſſ. My Maſter, ſo, ſo. [*Shaking his Head and winking.*

Flo. I am glad I have done ſome Miſcheif however [*Aſide.*

Liſſ. [*To Inis.*] Art thou really ſo fooliſh to mind what an enrag'd Woman ſays? Don't you ſee ſhe does it on purpoſe to part you and I? [*runs to* Flora] cou'd not you find the Joke without putting yourſelf in a Paſſion! You ſilly Girl you? why I ſaw you follow us plain enough, Mun, and ſaid all this, that you might not go back with only your Labour for your Pains—But you are a revengeful young Slut tho'. I tell you that, but come kiſs, and be Friends.

Flo. Don't think to coax me; hang your Kiſſes.

Fel. [*Within.*] *Liſſardo.*

Liſſ. Odſheart, here's my Maſter; the Devil take both theſe Jades, for me, what ſhall I do with them?

Inis.

Inis. Ha! 'Tis *Don Felix*'s Voice; I wou'd not have him find me here, with his Footman, for the World. [*Aſide.*

Fel. (Within) Why *Liſſardo, Liſſardo!*

Liſſ. Coming, Sir. What a Pox will you do?

Flo. Bleſs me, which way ſhall I get out!

Liſſ. Nay, nay, you muſt e'en ſet your Quarrel aſide, and be content to be mewed up in this Cloaths-preſs together, or ſtay where you are, and face it out—— there is no Help for it!

Flo. Put me any where, rather than that; come, come, let me in. [*He opens the Preſs, and ſhe goes in.*

Inis. I'll ſee her hang'd, before I'll go into the Place where ſhe is.——I'll truſt Fortune with my Deliverance: Here us'd to be a Pair of back Stairs, I'll try to find them out. [*Exit.*

Enter Felix *and* Frederick.

Fel. Was you aſleep, Sirrah, that you did not hear me call?

Liſſ. I did hear you, and anſwer'd you, I was coming, Sir.

Fel. Go get the Horſes ready; I'll leave *Liſbon* to-night, never to ſee it more.

Liſſ. Hey day! what's the Matter now? [*Exit.*

Fred. Pray tell me, *Don Felix!* what has ruffled your Temper thus?

Fel. A Woman——Oh Friend, who can name Woman, and forget Inconſtancy!

Fred. This from a Perſon of mean Education were excuſable, ſuch low Suſpicions have their Source from vulgar Converſation; Men of your politer Taſte never raſhly cenſure——Come, this is ſome groundleſs Jealouſy——Love raiſes many Fears.

Fel. No; my Ears conveyed the Truth into my Heart, and Reaſon juſtifies my Anger: *Violante*'s falſe,

and I have nothing left but thee, in *Liſbon*, which can make me wiſh ever to ſee it more, except Revenge upon my Rival, of whom I am ignorant. Oh, that ſome Miracle wou'd reveal him to me, that I might thro' his Heart puniſh thy Infidelity!

Enter Liſſardo.

Liſſ. Oh! Sir, here's your Father *Don Lopez* coming up.

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

Liſſ. I can't tell. Sir, he aſk'd for *Don Frederick*.

Fred. Did he ſee you?

Liſſ. I believe not, Sir; for as ſoon as I ſaw him, I ran back to give my Maſter notice.

Fel. Keep out of his Sight then.—And, dear *Frederick*, permit me to retire into the next Room, for I know the old Gentleman will be very much diſpleaſed at my Return without his Leave. [*Exit.*

Fred. Quick, quick, begone, he is here.

Enter Don Lopez, *ſpeaking as he enters.*

Lop. Mr. *Alguzil*, wait you without till I call for you. *Frederick*, an Affair brings me here——which ——requires Privacy——So that if you have any Body within Ear-ſhot, pray order them to retire.

Fred. We are private, my Lord, ſpeak freely.

Lop. Why then, Sir, I muſt tell you, that you had better have pitch'd upon any Man in *Portugal* to have injur'd, than myſelf.

Fel. (Peeping) What means my Father?

Fred. I underſtand you not my Lord!

Lop. Tho' I am old, I have a Son——Alas! Why name I him? He knows not the Diſhonour of my Houſe.

Fel. I am confounded! The Diſhonour of his Houſe!

Fred.

Fred. Explain yourſelf, my Lord! I am not conſcious of any diſhonourable Action to any Man, much leſs to your Lordſhip.

Lop. 'Tis falſe! you have debauch'd my Daughter.

Fel Debauch'd my Siſter! Impoſſible! He could not, durſt not be that Villain.

Fred. My Lord, I ſcorn ſo foul a Charge.

Lop You have debauch'd her Duty at leaſt, therefore inſtantly reſtore her to me, or by St. *Anthony* I'll make you

Fred. Reſtore her, my Lord! Where ſhall I find her?

Lop. I have thoſe that will ſwear ſhe is here in your Houſe.

Fel Ha! In this Houſe!

Fred. You are miſinformed, my Lord; upon my Reputation I have not ſeen *Donna Iſabella*, ſince the Abſence of *Don Felix*.

Lop. Then pray, Sir——If I am not too inquiſitive, What Motive had you for thoſe Objections you made againſt her Marriage with *Don Guzman* yeſterday?

Fred. The Diſagreeableneſs of ſuch a Match, I fear'd, wou'd give your Daughter Cauſe to curſe her Duty, if ſhe comply'd with your Demands; that was all, my Lord!

Lop. And ſo you help'd her thro' the Window to make her diſobey.

Fel. Ha, my Siſter gone! Oh Scandal to our Blood!

Fred. This is inſulting me, my Lord, when I aſſure you I have neither ſeen, nor know any Thing of your Daughter——If ſhe is gone, the Contrivance was her own, and you may thank your Rigour for it.

Lop. Very well, Sir; however my Rigour ſhall make bold to ſearch your Houſe: Here, call in the Alguzile—

Flo (Peeping) The Alguzile! What in the Name of Wonder will become of me!

Fred. The Alguzile! My Lord, you'll repent this.

Enter Alguzile *and Attendants.*

Lop. No, Sir, 'tis you that will repent it: I charge you, in the King's Name, to aſſiſt me in finding of my Daughter——Beſure you leave no Part of the Houſe unſearch'd; come, follow me. [*Gets toward the Door where* Felix *is*; Frederick *draws, and plants himſelf before the Door.*

Fred. Sir, I muſt firſt know by what Authority, you pretend to ſearch my Houſe, before you enter here.

Alg. How! Sir, dare you preſume to draw your Sword upon the Repreſentative of Majeſty? I am, Sir, I am his Majeſty's *Alguzile*, and the very Quinteſſence of Authority——therefore put up your Sword, or I ſhall order you to be knock'd down——For know, Sir, the Breath of an *Alguzile* is as dangerous as the Breath of a *Demi-Culverin.*

Lop. She is certainly in that Room, by his guarding the Door———if he diſputes your Authority, knock him down, I ſay.

Fred. I ſhall ſhow you ſome Sport firſt! the Woman you look for is not here, but there is ſomething in this Room, which I'll preſerve from your Sight at the Hazard of my Life.

Lop. Enter, I ſay; nothing but my Daughter can be there—force his Sword from him. [Felix *comes out and joins* Frederick.]

Fel. Villains, ſtand off! aſſaſſinate a Man in his own Houſe.

Lop. Oh, oh, oh, *Miſericordia*, what do I ſee, my Son!

Alg. Ha, his Son! Here's five hundred Pounds good, my Brethren, if *Antonio* dies, and that's in the Surgeon's Power, and he's in love with my Daughter, you know—*Don Felix!* I command you to ſurrender yourſelf into the Hands of Juſtice, in order to raiſe me

me and my Poſterity; and in Conſideration you loſe your Head to gain me five hundred Pounds, I'll have your Generoſity recorded on your Tomb-ſtone——— at my own proper Coſt and Charge———I hate to be ungrateful.

Fred. Here's a generous Dog now——

Lop. Oh that ever I was born—Hold, hold, hold.

Fred. Did not I tell you, you wou'd repent, my Lord What ho! Within there *(Enter Servants)* arm yourſelves, and let not a Man in nor out but *Felix*—— Look ye, *Alguzile*, when you would betray my Friend for filthy Lucre, I ſhall no more regard you as an Officer of Juſtice, but as a Thief and Robber thus reſiſt you.

Fel. Generous *Frederick!* Come on, Sir, we'll ſhow you Play for the five hundred Pounds.

Alg. Fall on, ſeize the Money right or wrong, ye Rogues. [*They fight.*

Lop. Hold, hold, *Alguzile*; I'll give you the five hundred Pounds, that is, my Bond to pay upon *Antonio*'s Death, and twenty Piſtoles however Things go, for you and theſe honeſt Fellows to drink my Health.

Alg. Say you ſo, my Lord! Why look ye, my Lord, I bear the young Gentleman no Ill will, my Lord; if I get but the five hundred Pounds, my Lord——why, look ye, my Lord——'Tis the ſame Thing to me whether your Son be hanged or not, my Lord.

Fel. Scoundrels.———

Lop. Ay, well, thou art a good natur'd Fellow, that is the Truth on't——Come then, we'll to the Tavern, and ſign and ſeal this Minute. O *Felix*, be careful of thyſelf, or thou wilt break my Heart. [*Exit* Lopez, Alguzile *and Attendants.*]

Fel Now, *Frederick*, tho' I ought to thank you for your Care of me, yet till I am ſatisfied as to my Father's Accuſations, I can't return the Acknowledgements I owe you: Know you aught relating to my Siſter?

Fred I hope my Faith and Truth are known to you—And here by both I ſwear, I am ignorant of every Thing relating to your Father's Charge.

Fel. Enough, I do believe thee. Oh Fortune! Where will thy Malice end!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, I bring you joyful News, I am told that *Don Antonio* is out of Danger, and now in the Palace.

Fel. I wiſh it be true, then I'm at Liberty to watch my Rival, and purſue my Siſter. Prithy, *Frederick*, inform thyſelf of the Truth of this Report.

Fred. I will this Minute—Do you hear, let no body in to *Don Felix* till my Return. [*Exit.*

Ser. I'll obſerve, Sir. [*Exit.*

Flo. (Peeping) They have almoſt frighted me out of my Wits——I'm ſure——Now *Felix* is alone, I have a good Mind to pretend I came with a Meſſage from my Lady; but then how ſhall I ſay I came into the Cupboard. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant, ſeeming to oppoſe the Entrance of ſome body.

Ser. I tell you, Madam, *Don Felix* is not here.

Vio. (Within) I tell you, Sir, he is here, and I will ſee him *(breaks in)* You are as difficult of Acceſs, Sir, as a firſt Miniſter of State.

Flo. My Stars! My Lady here! [*Shuts the Preſs cloſe.*

Fel. If your Viſit was deſign'd to *Frederick*, Madam, he is abroad.

Vio. No, Sir, the Viſit is to you.

Fel. You are very punctual in your Ceremonies, Madam.

Vio. Tho' I did not come to return your Viſit, but to take that which your Civility ought to have brought me.

Fel.

Fel. If my Ears, my Eyes and my underſtanding ly'd, then I am in your Debt, elſe not, Madam.

Vio. I will not charge them with a Term ſo groſs, to ſay they ly'd, but call it a Miſtake, nay call it any thing to excuſe my *Felix*—Cou'd I, think ye, cou'd I put off my Pride ſo far, poorly to diſſemble a Paſſion which I did not feel? Or ſeek a Reconciliation, with what I did not love? Do but conſider, if I had entertained another, ſhou'd I not rather embrace this Quarrel, pleas'd with the Occaſion that rid me of your Viſits and gave me Freedom to enjoy the Choice which you think I have made; have I any Intereſt in thee but my Love? Or am I bound by ought but Inclination to ſubmit and follow thee—No Law whilſt ſingle binds us to obey, but you by Nature, and Education, are oblig'd to pay a deference to all Woman kind.

Fel. Theſe are fruitleſs Arguments: 'Tis moſt certain thou wert dearer to theſe Eyes than all that Heaven e'er gave to charm the Senſe of Man, but I wou'd rather tear them out than ſuffer them to delude my Reaſon, and enſlave my Peace.

Vio. Can you love without Eſteem? And where is the Eſteem for her you ſtill ſuſpect? Oh, *Felix!* There is a Delicacy—in Love, which equals even a religious Faith! true Love ne'er doubts the Object it adores, and Sceptics there will diſbelieve their Sight.

Enter Servant.

Fel. Your Notions are too refin'd for mine, Madam. How now, what do you want?

Ser. Only my Maſter's Cloak out of this Preſs, Sir, that's all.——Oh! The Devil, the Devil.

[*Opens the Preſs, ſees* Flora, *and roars out.*

Vio. Ha, a Woman conceal'd! Very well *Felix!*

Flo. Diſcover'd! Nay then Legs befriend me.

[*Runs out.*

Fel. A Woman in the Preſs! [*Enter* Liſſardo.

How

How the Devil came a Woman there, Sirrah?

Liſſ. What ſhall I ſay now?

Vio. Now *Liſſardo*, ſhew your Wit to bring your Maſter off.

Liſſ. Off Madam! Nay, nay, nay, there, there needs no great Wit to, to, to, bring him off Madam, for ſhe did, and ſhe did not come as, as, as, as, a, a, a Man may ſay directly to, to, to, to ſpeak with my Maſter, Madam.

Vio. I ſee by your Stammering, *Liſſardo*, that your Invention is at a very low Ebb.

Fel. 'Sdeath, Raſcal! ſpeak without Heſitation, and the Truth too, or I ſhall ſtick my Stilletto in your Guts.

Vio. No, no, your Maſter miſtakes, he wou'd not have you ſpeak the Truth.

Fel. Madam, my Sincerity wants no Excuſe.

Liſſ. I am ſo confounded between one and the other, that I can't think of a Lye. [*Aſide.*

Fel. Sirrah, fetch me this Woman back inſtantly, I'll know what Buſineſs ſhe had here!

Vio. Not a ſtep; your Maſter ſhan't be put to the Bluſh——Come, a Truce, *Felix!* Do you aſk me no more Queſtions about the Window, and I'll forgive this.

Fel. I ſcorn Forgiveneſs where I own no Crime, but your Soul, conſcious of its Guilt, wou'd fain lay hold of this Occaſion to blend your Treaſon with my Innocence.

Vio. Inſolent! Nay, if inſtead of owning your Fault you endeavour to inſult my Patience, I muſt tell you, Sir, you don't behave yourſelf like that Man of Honour you wou'd be taken for, you ground your Quarrel with me upon your own Inconſtancy; 'tis plain you are falſe yourſelf, and would make me the Aggreſſor—— It was not for nothing the Fellow oppos'd my Entrance ——This laſt Uſage has given me back my Liberty, and

and now my Father's Will ſhall be obeyed without the leaſt Reluctance. [*Exit.*

Fel. Oh, ſtubborn, ſtubborn Heart, what wilt thou do? Her Father's Will ſhall be obey'd; Ha! That carries her to a Cloyſter, and cuts off all my Hopes at once——By Heaven ſhe ſhall not, muſt not leave me! No, ſhe is not falſe, at leaſt my Love now repreſents her true, becauſe I fear to loſe her: Ha! Villain, art thou here! [*turns upon* Liſſardo] tell me this Moment who this Woman was, and for what intent ſhe was here conceal'd—Or

Liſſ. Ah, good Sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole Truth. (*falls on his Knees.*

Fel. Out with it then———

Liſſ. It, it, it, was Mrs. *Flora*, Sir, *Donna Violante*'s Woman — you muſt know, Sir, we have had a ſneaking Kindneſs for one another a great while—She was not willing you ſhould know it; ſo when ſhe heard your Voice, ſhe ran into the Cloaths-Preſs; I wou'd have told you this at firſt, but I was afraid of her Lady's knowing it; this is the Truth, as I hope for a whole Skin, Sir.

Fel. If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole Bone in it, Sirrah——fly, and obſerve if *Violante* goes directly home.

Liſſ. Yes, Sir; yes. [*Exit.*

Fel. I muſt convince her of my Faith: Oh! how irreſolute is aLover's Heart! My Reſentments cool'd when hers grew high—Nor can I ſtruggle longer with my Fate; I cannot quit her, no I cannot, ſo abſolute a Conqueſt has ſhe gain'd—Woman's the greateſt ſovereign Power on Earth.

In vain Men ſtrive their Tyranny to quit,
Their Eyes command, and force us to ſubmit.
So have I ſeen a mettled Courſer fly,
Tear up the Ground and toſs his Rider high,

Till

Till ſome experienc'd Maſter found the Way,
With Spur and Rein to make his Pride obey.

Scene the Terreiro de paſſa,

Enter Colonel *and* Iſabella *veil'd.*
Gibby *at a Diſtance.*

Col. Then you ſay, it is impoſſible for me to wait of you home, Madam.

Iſab. I ſay it is inconſiſtent with my Circumſtances, Colonel, and that Way impoſſible for me to admit of it.

Col. Conſent to go with me then—I lodge at one *Don Frederick*'s a Merchant juſt by here, he is a very honeſt Fellow, and I dare confide in his Secrecy.

Iſab. Ha, does he lodge there? Pray Heaven I am not diſcover'd. [*Aſide.*

Col. What ſay you, my Charmer? ſhall we breakfaſt together? I have ſome of the beſt Bohea in the Univerſe.

Iſab. Puh! Bohea! Is that the beſt Treat you can give a Lady at your Lodgings—Colonel!

Col. Well hinted—No, no, no, I have other Things at thy Service, Child

Iſab. What are thoſe Things pray?

Col. My Heart, Soul, and Body into the Bargain.

Iſab. Has the laſt no Incumbrance upon it; can you make a clear Title, Colonel?

Col. All Freehold, Child, and I'll afford thee a very good Bargain. [*embraces her.*

Gib. Au my Sol, they mak muckle Wards about it, Iſe ſeer weary with ſtanding, Iſe e'en take a Sleep. [*Lies down.*

Iſab. If I take a Leaſe it muſt be for Life, Colonel.

Col. Thou ſhalt have me as long, or as little Time as thou wilt; my Dear, come, let's to my Lodging, and we'll Sign and Seal this Minute.

Iſab.

Iſab. Oh, not ſo faſt, Colonel, there are many Things to be adjuſted before the Lawyer and the Parſon comes.

Col. The Lawyer and Parſon! No, no, ye little Rogue, we can finiſh our Affairs without the Help of the Law———or the Goſpel.

Iſab. Indeed but we can't, Colonel.

Col. Indeed! Why, haſt thou then trappann'd me out of my warm Bed this morning for nothing! Why. this is ſhewing a Man half famiſh'd a well-furniſh'd Larder, then clapping a Padlock on the Door, till you ſtarve him quite.

Iſab. If you can find in your Heart to ſay Grace, Colonel, you ſhall keep the Key.

Col. I love to ſee my Meat before I give Thanks, Madam, therefore uncover thy Face, Child, and I'll tell thee more of my Mind.—If I like you—

Iſab. I dare not riſk my Reputation upon your Ifs, Colonel, and ſo Adieu. [*Going.*

Col. Nay, nay, nay, we muſt not part.

Iſab. As you ever hope to ſee me more, ſuſpend your Curioſity now; one Step farther loſes me for ever.——Show yourſelf a Man of Honour, and you ſhall find me a Woman of Honour. [*Exit.*

Col. Well, for once, I'll truſt to a blind Bargain, Madam.—[*Kiſſes her Hand and parts.*] But I ſhall be too cunning for your Ladyſhip if *Gibly*, obſerves my Orders: Methinks theſe Intrigues, which relate to the Mind, are very inſipid.—The Converſation of Bodies is much more diverting.—Ha! What do I ſee, my Raſcal aſleep? Sirrah, did I not charge you to watch the Lady? And is it thus you obſerve my Orders, ye Dog?

[*Kicks him all this while, and he ſhrugs, and rubs his Eyes, and yawns.*]

Gib. That's treu, and lik your Honour; but I thought that when ence ye had her in yer awn Honds, yee mit a ordered her yer ſal weel eneugh without me, en ye ken, an lik yer Honour.

Col.

Col. Sirrah, hold your impertinent Tongue, and make haſte after her; if you dont bring me ſome Account of her, never dare to ſee my Face again. [*Exit.*

Gib. Ay! This is bony Wark indeed, to run three hundred Mile to this wicked Town, and before I can weel fill my Wem, to be ſent a Whore-hunting after this black ſhee Devil.—What Gat ſal I gang to ſpeer for this Watch now? Ah, for a ruling Elder——or the Kirk's Treaſurer——or his Mon——Id gar my Maſter mak twa of this; But I'm ſeer there's na ſike honeſt People here, or there wou'd na be ſo muckle Sculdudrie.*

[*Enter an Engliſh Soldier paſſing along.*]

Gib. Geud Mon, did ye ſee a Woman, a Lady, ony gate here away enow?

Eng. Man. Yes, a great many. What kind of a Woman is it you enquire after?

Gib. Geud troth, ſhe's ne Kenſpekle, ſhe's aw in a Cloud.———

Eng. Man. What! tis ſome High land Monſter which you brought over with you, I ſuppoſe, I ſee no ſuch, not I, kenſpekle quotha!

Gib. Huly, huly, Mon, the Deel pike out yer Eyn, and then you'll ſee the bater, ye *Engliſh* bag Pudin Tike.

Eng. Man. What ſays the Fellow? [*Turning to* Gibby.

Gib. Say! I ſay I am a better Fellow than e'er ſtude upon yer Shanks—an gin I heer meer a yer din, deal a my Sol, Sir, but Ile crack your Crown.

Eng. Man. Get you gone, you *Scotch* Raſcal, and thank your Heathen Dialect, which I don't underſtand, that you han't your Bones broke.

Gib. Ay! an ye do no underſtond a *Scots* Man's Tongue—Iſe ſee gin ye can underſtond a *Scots* Man's Gripe: Wha's the bater Man now, Sir?

[*Lays hold of him, ſtrikes up his Heels, and gets aſtride over him.*

---

* *Fornication.*

Here Violante *croſſes the Stage*; Gibby *jumps up from the Man, and bruſhes up to* Violante.

Gib. I vow, Madam, but I am glad that yee and I are foregather'd.

Vio What wou'd the Fellow have?

Gib Nothing, away, Madam, wo worthy yer Heart; wat a muckle deel a Miſchief had yee like to bring upon poor *Gibby?*

Vio. The Man's drunk ———

Gib. In troth am I not——An gin I had not fond ye, Madam, the Laird knows when I ſhou'd; for my Maſter bat me nere gang Heam, without Tydings of yee, Madam

Vio. Sirrah, get about your Buſineſs, or I'll have your Bones drubb'd.

Gib. Geud Faith, my Maſter has e'en dun that te yer Honds, Madam.

Vio. Who is your Maſter, Friend?

Gib. Mony e'en ſpiers the gat they ken right weel ——It is no ſo lang ſen ye parted wi him, I wiſh he ken yee haafe as weel as ye ken him.

Vio. Pugh, the Creature's mad or miſtakes me for ſome Body elſe; and I ſhou'd be as mad as he, to talk to him any longer. [*Exit.*

Enter Liſſardo *at the upper End of the Stage.*

Liſſ. So, ſhe's gone Home, I ſee. What did that *Scotch* Fellow want with her? I'll try to find it out; perhaps I may diſcover ſomething that may make my Maſter Friends with me again.

Gib. Are ye gaune, Madam, a deel ſcope in yer Company, for I'm as weeſe as I was? but I'll bide and ſee whaſe Houſe it is, gin I can meet wi ony Civil Body to ſpier at.——Weel of aw Men in the Warld, I think our *Scots* Men the greateſt Fools, to leave their weel favour'd honeſt Women at Heam, to rin wallop-

ing after a Pack of Gycarlings here, that ſhame to ſhew their Faces, and peer Men like me, are forc'd to be their Pimbs; a Pimp! Godſwarbit, *Gibby*'s ne'er be a Pimp—An yet in troth it is a Threving Trade; I remember a Countryman aw mi ean, that by ganging a ſikle like Errants as I am now, come to gat Preferment: My Lad, wot yee wha lives here?

[*Turns and ſees* Liſſardo.

Liſſ. Don Pedro de Mendoſa.

Gib. And did ye ſee a Lady gang in but now?

Liſſ. Yes I did.

Gib. And dee ken her te?

Liſſ. It was *Donna Violante* his Daughter; what the Devil makes him ſo inquiſitive? Here is ſomething in it, that's certain. Tis a cold Morning, Brother; what think you of a Dram?

Gib. In troth, very weel, Sir.

Liſſ. You ſeem an honeſt Fellow; prithee let's drink to our better Acquaintance.

Gib. Wi aw my Heart, Sir, gang yer Gat to the next Houſe, and Iſe follow ye.

Liſſ. Come along then. [*Exit.*

Gib. Don Pedro de Mendoſa——*Donna Violante* his Daughter; that's as right as my Leg now—Iſe need na meer, I'll tak a drink, an then to my Maſter.——

Iſe bring him News will mak his Heart full Blee;
Gin he rewards it not, Deel Pimp for me. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Violante's *Lodgings.*

Enter Iſabella, *in a gay Temper, and* Violante *out of Humour.*

Iſab. MY Dear, I have been ſeeking you this half Hour to tell you the moſt lucky Adventure.

Vio. And you have pitched upon the moſt unlucky Hour for it, that you could poſſibly have found in the whole four and Twenty.

Iſab. Hang unlucky Hours, I won't think of them; I hope all my Misfortunes are paſt.

Vio. And mine all to come.

Iſab. I have ſeen the Man I like.

Vio. And I have ſeen the Man that I cou'd wiſh to hate

Iſab. And you muſt aſſiſt me in diſcovering whether he can like me, or not.

Vio. You have aſſiſted me in ſuch a Diſcovery already, I thank ye

Iſab. What ſay you, my Dear?

Vio. I ſay I am very unlucky at Diſcoveries, *Iſabella*; I have too lately made one pernicious to my Eaſe; your Brother is falſe.

Iſab. Impoſſible!

Vio. Moſt true.

Iſab Some Villain has traduc'd him to you.

Vio. No, *Iſabella*, I love too well to truſt the Eyes of others; I never credit the ill-judging world, or form Suſpicions upon vulgar Cenſures; no, I had ocular Proof of his Ingratitude.

Iſab. Then am I moſt unhappy; my Brother was the only Pledge of Faith betwixt us; if he has forfeited your Favour, I have no Title to your Friendſhip.

Vio. You wrong my Friendſhip *Iſabella*; your own Merit intitles you to every Thing within my Power.

Iſab. Generous Maid—But may I not know what Grounds you have to think my Brother falſe.

Vio. Another time - But tell me, *Iſabella*, how can I ſerve you?

Iſab. Thus then——The Gentleman that brought me hither, I have ſeen and talk'd with upon the *Terreiro de paſſa* this Morning, and I find him a Man of Senſe, Generoſity, and good Humour; in ſhort, he is every Thing that I cou'd like for a Huſband, and I have diſpatch'd Mrs. *Flora* to bring him hither; I hope you'll forgive the Liberty I have taken.

Vio. Hither, to what Purpoſe?

Iſab. To the great univerſal Purpoſe, Matrimony.

Vio. Matrimony! Why, do you deſign to aſk him?

Iſab. No, *Violante*, you muſt do that for me.

Vio. I thank you for the Favour you deſign me, but deſire to be excus'd: I manage my own Affairs too ill, to be truſted with thoſe of other People; beſides, if my Father ſhould find a Stranger here, it might make him hurry me into a *Monaſtery* immediately; I can't for my Life admire your Conduct, to encourage a Perſon altogether unknown to you —'Twas very imprudent to meet him this Morning, but much more ſo, to ſend for him hither, knowing what Inconveniency you have already drawn upon me.

Iſab. I am not inſenſible, how far my Misfortunes have embarraſt you; and, if you pleaſe, ſacrifice my quiet to your own.

Vio. Unkindly urg'd——Have I not preferr'd your Happineſs to every Thing that's dear to me?

Iſab. I know thou haſt—Then do not deny me this laſt Requeſt, when a few Hours perhaps, may render my Condition, able to clear thy Fame, and bring my Brother to thy Feet for Pardon.

Vio.

Vio. I wiſh you don't repent of this Intrigue. I ſuppoſe he knows you are the ſame Woman that he brought in here laſt Night.

Iſab. Not a Syllable of that; I met him veil'd, and to prevent his knowing the Houſe, I order'd Mrs. *Flora* to bring him by the back Door into the Garden.

Vio. The very Way which *Felix* comes; if they ſhould meet, there would be fine Work—Indeed, my Dear, I can't approve of your Deſign.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Madam, the Colonel waits your pleaſure.

Vio. How durſt you go upon ſuch a Meſſage, Miſtreſs without acquainting me?

Iſab. 'Tis too late to diſpute that now, dear *Violante*. I acknowledge the Raſhneſs of the Action—But conſider the Neceſſity of my Deliverance.

Vio. That is indeed a weighty Conſideration; well, what am I to do?

Iſab. In the next Room I'll give you Inſtructions! in the mean time, Mrs. *Flora*. ſhow the Colonel into this. [*Exit* Flora *one Way, and* Iſabella *and* Violante *another.*]

Re-enter Flora *with the* Colonel.

Flo. The Lady will wait on you preſently, Sir. [*Exit.*

Col. Very well—This is a very fruitful Soil. I have not been here quite four and twenty Hours, and I have three Intrigues upon my Hands already, but I hate the Chaſe, without partaking the Game. (*Enter* Violante *veil'd.*) Ha, a fine fiz'd Woman—Pray Heaven ſhe proves handſome—I am come to obey your Ladyſhip's Commands.

Vio. Are you ſure of that, Colonel.

Col. If you be not very unreaſonable indeed, Madam; a Man is but a Man. [*Takes her Hand and kiſſes it.*

Vio. Nay, we have no Time for Compliments, Colonel

Col. I underſtand you, Madam—*Montre moy votre Chambre.* [*Takes her in his Arms.*

Vio Nay, nay, hold Colonel, my Bed-chamber is not to be enter'd without a certain Purchaſe.

Col. Purchaſe! Humph. This is ſome kept Miſtreſs, I ſuppoſe, who induſtriouſly lets out her leiſure Hours. (*Aſide.*) Look ye, Madam, you muſt conſider we Soldiers are not over-ſtock'd with Money.— But we make ample Satisfaction in Love; we have a World of Courage upon our Hands now, you know—Then prithee uſe a Conſcience, aud I'll try if my Pocket can come up to your Price.

[*Puts his Hands into his Pocket.*

Vio. Nay, don't give yourſelf the Trouble of drawing your Purſe, Colonel, my Deſign is level'd at your Perſon, if that be at your own diſpoſal.

Col. Ah, that it is Faith, Madam, and I'll ſettles it as firmly upon thee———

Vio. As Law can do it.

Col. Hang Law in Love-affairs; thou ſhalt have Right and Title to it out of pure Inclination——A matrimonial Hint again! Gad, I fancy the Women have a Project on Foot to tranſplant the Union into *Portugal*.

Vio. Then you have an Averſion to Matrimony, Colonel; did you never ſee a Woman, in all your Travels, that you cou'd like for a Wife?

Col A very odd queſtion—Do you really expect that I ſhould ſpeak Truth now?

Vio. I do if you expect to be ſo dealt with, Colonel.

Col. Why then—Yes.

Vio. Is ſhe in your Country, or this?

Col. This is a very pretty kind of a Catechiſm: but I don't conceive which Way it turns to Edification: In this Town I believe, Madam.

Vio. Her Name is———

Col.

Col. Ay, how is ſhe call'd, Madam?

Vio. Nay, I aſk you that, Sir.

Col. Oh, ho, why ſhe is call'd—Pray, Madam, how is it you ſpell your Name?

Vio. Oh, Colonel, I am not the happy Woman, nor do I wiſh it.

Col. No, I'm ſorry for that.—What the Devil does ſhe mean by all theſe Queſtions? [*Aſide.*

Vio. Come, Colonel, for once be ſincere.—Perhaps you may not repent it.

Col. Faith, Madam, I have an Inclination to Sincerity, but I'm afraid you'll call my Manners in Queſtion: This is like to be but a ſilly adventure, here's ſo much Sincerity required. [*Aſide.*

Vio. Not at all: I prefer Truth before Compliment in this Affair.

Col Why then, to be plain with you, Madam, a Lady laſt Night wounded my Heart by a Fall from a Window, whoſe Perſon I cou'd be content to take, as my Father took my Mother, till Death us do part.—— But whom ſhe is, or how diſtinguiſhed, whether Maid, Wife, or Widow, I can't inform you; perhaps you are ſhe.

Vio. Not to keep you in Suſpence, I am not ſhe, but I can give you an Account of her: That Lady is a Maid of Condition, has ten thouſand Pounds; and if you are a ſingle Man, her Perſon and Fortune are at your Service.

Col. I accept the Offer with the higheſt Tranſports; but ſay, my charming Angel, art thou not ſhe? *(offers to embrace her)* This is a lucky Adventure. [*Aſide.*

Vio. Once again, Colonel, I tell you I am not ſhe—But at Six this Evening, you ſhall find her on the *Terriero de paſſa*, with a white Hankerchief in her Hand; get a Prieſt ready, and you know the reſt.

Col. I ſhall infallibly obſerve your Directions, Madam.

Enter

Enter Flora *haſtily, and whiſpers* Violante, *who ſtarts and ſeems ſurprized.*

Vio. Ha, *Felix* croſſing the Garden, ſay you, what ſhall I do now?

Col. You ſeem ſurpriz'd, Madam.

Vio. Oh, Colonel, my Father is coming hither, and if he finds you here, I am ruin'd!

Col. Odſliſe, Madam, thruſt me any where; can't I go out this Way?

Vio. No, no, no, he comes that Way: how ſhall I prevent their Meeting? Here, here, ſtep into my Bed-Chamber and be ſtill, as you value her you love; don't ſtir till you've Notice, as ever you hope to have her in your Arms.

Col. On that Condition I'll not breath. [*Exit.*

Enter Felix.

Fel. I wonder where my Dog of a Servant is all this while——But ſhe is at home I find ——How coldly ſhe regards me.——You look, *Violante* as if the Sight of me were troubleſome.

Vio. Can I do otherwiſe, when you have the Aſſurance to approach me, after what I ſaw to-day.

Fel. Aſſurance, rather call it good Nature, after what I heard laſt Night; but ſuch regard to Honour have I in my Love to you, I cannot bear to be ſuſpected, nor ſuffer you to entertain falſe Notions of my Truth, without endeavouring to convince you of my Innocence; ſo much good Nature have I more than you *Violante.* ———Pray, give me Leave to aſk your Woman one Queſtion; my Man aſſures me ſhe was the Perſon you ſaw at my Lodgings

Flo. I confeſs it, Madam, and aſk your Pardon.

Vio. Impudent Baggage, not to undeceive me ſooner; what Buſineſs cou'd you have there?

Fel. Liſſardo and ſhe, it ſeems, imitate you and I.

Flo. I love to follow the Example of my Betters, Madam.

Fel.

Fel. I hope I am juſtified——

Vio. Since we are to part, *Felix*, there needs no Juſtification.

Fel. Methinks you talk of parting as a Thing indifferent to you; can you forget how I have lov'd?

Vio. I wiſh I could forget my own Paſſion; I ſhou'd with leſs concern remember yours———But for Mrs. *Flora*——

Fel. You muſt forgive her;——Muſt, did I ſay? I fear I have no Power to impoſe, tho' the Injury was done to me.

Vio. 'Tis harder to pardon an Injury done to what we love than to ourſelves; but at your Requeſt, *Felix*, I do forgive her; go watch my Father, *Flora*, leſt he ſhou'd awake and ſurprize us.

Flo. Yes Madam [*Exit* Flora.

Fel. Doſt thou then love me, *Violante?*

Vio. What need of Repetition from my Tongue, when every Look confeſſes what you aſk?

Fel. Oh! let no Man judge of Love but thoſe who feel it; what wondrous Magic lies in one kind Look! —— One tender Word deſtroys a Lover's Rage, and melts his fierceſt Paſſion into ſoft Complaint. Oh the Window, *Violante*, would'ſt thou but clear that one Suſpicion!

Vio. Prithee, no more of that, my *Felix*, a little Time ſhall bring thee perfect Satisfaction.

Fel. Well, *Violante*, on that Condition you think no more of a Monaſtery.——I'll wait with Patience for this mighty Secret.

Vio. Ah, *Felix*, Love generally gets the better of Religion in us Women: Reſolutions made in Heat of Paſſion, ever diſſolve upon Reconciliation.

Enter Flora *haſtily.*

Flo. Oh, Madam, Madam, Madam! my Lord your Father has been in the Garden, and lock'd the back Door, and comes muttering to himſelf this Way.

Vio.

Vio Then we are caught: Now, *Felix*, we are undone.

Fel Heavens forbid, this is moſt unlucky! let me ſtep into your Bed-Chamber, he won't look under the Bed, there I may conceal myſelf. [*runs to the Door, and puſhes it open a little.*

Vio. My Stars! If he goes in there he'll find the Colonel ——No no, *Felix*, that's no ſafe Place, my Father often goes thither; and ſhou'd you cough, or ſneeze, we are loſt.

Fel. Either my Eye deceiv'd me, or I ſaw a Man within; I'll watch him cloſe——She ſhall deal with the Devil, if ſhe conveys him out without my Knowledge *(Aſide)* What ſhall I do then?

Vio. Bleſs me, how I tremble!

Flo. Oh, Invention, Invention!—I have it, Madam; here, here, here, Sir, off with your Sword, and I'll fetch you a Diſguiſe. [*Runs in and fetches out a Riding-Hood.*

Fel. Ay, ay, any Thing to avoid *Don Pedro.*

Vio. Oh! quick, quick, quick, I ſhall die with Apprehenſion. [Flora *puts the Riding-Hood on* Felix.

Flo. Be ſure you don't ſpeak a Word!

Fel. Not for the *Indies.*——But I ſhall obſerve you cloſer than you imagine. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. (Withing) Violante, where are you, Child? (*Enter* Don Pedro) Why, how came the Garden Door open? Ha! How now, who have we here?

Vio. Humph, he'll certainly diſcover him. [*Aſide.*

Flo. 'Tis my Mother, and pleaſe you, Sir. [*She and* Felix *both courtſy.*

Pedro. Your Mother! By St. *Anthony*, ſhe's a Strapper; why, you are a Dwarf to her——How many Children have you, good Woman?

Vio. Oh! If he ſpeaks we are loſt. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Oh! Dear *Senior*, ſhe cannot hear you, ſhe has been deaf theſe twenty Years.

Pedro. Alas, poor Woman—Why, you muffle her up as if ſhe were blind too.

Fel

Fel. Would I were fairly off. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Turn up her Hood.

Vio. Undone for ever.—St *Anthony* forbid: Oh, Sir, ſhe has the dreadfulleſt unlucky Eyes ——Pray don't look upon them; I made her keep her Hood ſhut on Purpoſe.—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Pedro. Eyes! Why, what's the Matter with her Eyes?

Flo. My poor Mother, Sir, is much afflicted with the Cholick; and about two Months ago ſhe had it grievouſly in her Stomach, and was over perſuaded to take a Dram of filthy *Engliſh Geneva*—Which immediately flew up into her Head, and cauſed ſuch a Defluxion in her Eyes, that ſhe cou'd never ſince bear the Day-light.

Pedro. Say you ſo?—Poor Woman!—Well, make her ſit down, *Violante*, and give her a Glaſs of Wine.

Vio. Let her Daughter give her a Glaſs below, Sir; for my Part, ſhe has frighted me ſo, I ſhan't be myſelf theſe two Hours. I am ſure her Eyes are evil Eyes.

Fel. Well hinted.

Pedro. Well, well, do ſo: Evil Eyes, there is no evil Eyes, Child. [*Exit* Felix *and* Flora.

Vio. I'm glad he's gone.

Pedro. Haſt thou heard the News, *Violante?*

Vio. What News, Sir?

Pedro. Why, *Vaſquez* tells me, that *Don Lopez*'s Daughter *Iſabella*, is run away from her Father; that Lord has very ill Fortune with his Children.—Well, I'm glad my Daughter has no Inclination to Mankind, that my Houſe is plagued with no Suitors. [*Aſide.*

Vio. This is the firſt Word I ever heard of it; I pity her Frailty.——

Pedro. Well ſaid, *Violante*—Next Week I intend thy Happineſs ſhall begin. [*Enter* Flora.

Vio. I don't intend to ſtay ſo long, I thank you, Papa. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. My Lady *Abbeſs* writes Word ſhe longs to ſee thee, and has provided every Thing in Order for thy Reception.—Thou wilt lead a happy Life, I [illegible]

[illegible]ity

Fifty Times before that of Matrimony, where an extravagant Coxcomb might make a Beggar of thee, or an ill-natur'd surly Dog break thy Heart.

Flo Break her Heart! She had as good have her Bones broke as to be a Nun; I am sure I had, rather of the two.——You are wondrous kind, Sir; but if I had such a Father, I know what I wou'd do.

Pedro. Why, what wou'd you do, Minx, ha?

Flo. I wou'd tell him I had as good a Right and Title to the Law of Nature, and the End of the Creation, as he had——

Pedro. You wou'd, Mistress; who the Devil doubts it? A good Assurance is a Chamber-maid's Coat of Arms! and lying, and contriving, the Supporters.—Your Inclinations are on tip-toe, it seems.—If I were your Father, Housewife, I'd have a Pennance enjoin'd you, so strict, that you should not be able to turn you in your Bed for a Month.——You are enough to spoil your Lady, Housewife, if she had not Abundance of Devotion.

Vio. Fye, *Flora*, are you not ashamed to talk thus to my Father? You said yesterday you would be glad to go with me into the Monastery.

Pedro She go with thee! No, no. she's enough to debauch the whole Convent.——Well, Child, remember what I said to thee: Next Week—

Vio. Ay, and what I am to do this too.— [*Aside.*
I am all Obedience, Sir; I care not how soon I change my Condition.

Flo But little does he think what Change she means. [*Aside.*

Pedro Well said, *Violante*.——I am glad to find her so willing to leave the World, but it is wholly owing to my prudent Management; did she know that she might command her Fortune when she came at Age, or upon Day of Marriage, perhaps she'd change her Note.——But I have always told her that her Grandfather left it with this Proviso, That she turn'd Nun; now a small Part of this twenty thousand Pounds provides

provides for her in the Nunnery, and the reſt is my own; there is nothing to be got in this Life without Policy. *(Aſide.)* Well, Child, I am going into the Country for two or three Days, to ſettle ſome Affairs with thy Uncle.——And then——Come help me on with my Cloak, Child.

Vio. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* Pedro *and* Violante.

Flo. So, now for the Colonel. *(Goes to the Chamber-Door.)* Hiſt, hiſt, Colonel. [*Colonel peeping.*

Col. Is the Coaſt clear?

Flo. Yes, if you can climb; for you muſt get over the Waſh-Houſe, and jump from the Garden-Wall into the Street.

Col. Nay, nay, I don't value my Neck if my Incognita anſwers but thy Lady's Promiſe.

[*Exit* Colonel *and* Flora.

Re-enter Pedro *and* Violante.

Ped. Good-by, *Violante*, take care of thyſelf, Child.

Vio. I wiſh you a good Journey, Sir.—Now to ſet my Priſoner at Liberty. [*Enter* Felix *behind* Violante.

Fel. I have lain perdue under the Stairs, till I watch'd the old Man out.

Vio. Sir, Sir, you may appear. [*Goes to the Door.*

Fel. May he ſo, Madam?- I had Cauſe for my Suſpicion, I find, treacherous Woman.

Vio. Ha, *Felix* here! Nay, then, all's diſcover'd.

Fel. (Draws.) Villain, whoe'er thou art, come out I charge thee, and take the Reward of thy adulterous Errand.

Vio. What ſhall I ſay?——Nothing but the Secret which I have ſworn to keep can reconcile this Quarrel. [*Aſide.*

Fel. A Coward! Nay, then I'll fetch you out, think not to hide thyſelf; no, by St. *Anthony*, an Alter ſhould not protect thee, even there I'd reach thy Heart, tho' all the Saints were arm'd in thy Defence. [*Exit.*

Vio. Defend me Heaven! What ſhall I do? I muſt diſcover *Iſabella*, or here will be Murder.——

Enter Flora.

Flo. I have help'd the Colonel off clear, Madam.

Vio. Say'ſt thou ſo, my Girl? then I am arm'd.

Re enter Felix.

Fel. Where has the Devil in Compliance to your Sex convey'd him from my juſt Reſentment?

Vio. Him, who do you mean, my dear inquiſitive Spark? Ha, ha, ha, ha, will you never leave theſe Jealous Whims?

Fel. Will you never ceaſe to impoſe upon me?

Vio. You impoſe upon yourſelf, my Dear; do you think I did not ſee you? Yes, I did, and reſolved to put this Trick upon you; I knew you'd take the Hint, and ſoon relapſe into your wonted Error: How eaſily your Jealouſy is fired? I ſhall have a bleſſed Life with you.

Fel. Was there nothing in it then, but only to try me?

Vio. Won't you believe your Eyes?

Fel. No, becauſe I find they have deceiv'd me; well, I am convinc'd that Faith is as neceſſary in Love as in Religion; for the Moment a Man lets a Woman know her Conqueſt, he reſigns his Senſes, and ſees nothing but what ſhe'd have him.

Vio. And as ſoon as that Man finds his Love return'd, ſhe becomes as errant a Slave, as if ſhe had already ſaid after the Prieſt.

Fel. The Prieſt, *Violante*, would diſſipate thoſe Fears which cauſe theſe Quarrels; when wilt thou make me happy?

Vio. To-morrow, I will tell thee; my Father is gone for two or three Days to my Uncle's, we have Time enough

enough to finiſh our Affairs.—But prithy leave me now, for I expect ſome Ladies to viſit me

Fel. If you command it—Fly ſwift, ye Hours, and bring to-morrow on.——You deſire I wou'd leave you, *Violante.*

Vio. I do at preſent.

Fel. *So much you reign the Sovereign of my Soul*
That I obey without the leaſt Controul. [Exit.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I am glad my Brother and you are reconcil'd, my Dear, and the Colonel eſcap'd without his knowledge; I was frighted out of my Wits when I heard him return.—I know not how to expreſs my Thanks, Woman—for what you ſuffer'd for my Sake, my grateful Acknowledgment ſhall ever wait you; and to the World proclaim the Faith, Truth, and Honour of a Woman ———

Vio. Prithy don't compliment thy Friend, *Iſabella* — You heard the Colonel, I ſuppoſe.

Iſab. Every Syllable, and am pleas'd to find I do not love in vain.

Vio Thou haſt caught his Heart, it ſeems; and an Hour hence may ſecure his Perſon.—Thou haſt made haſty Work on't, Girl.

Iſab. From thence I draw my Happineſs, we ſhall have no Accounts to make up after Conſummation.

She who for Years, protracts her Lover's Pain,
And makes him wiſh and wait, and ſigh in vain.
To be his Wife, when late ſhe gives Conſent,
Finds half his Paſſion was in Courtſhip ſpent;
While they who boldly all Delays remove,
Find every Hour a freſh Supply of Love.

ACT V.

SCENE Frederick's *Houſe*.

Enter Felix *and* Frederick.

Fel. THIS Hour has been propitious, I am reconcil'd to *Violante*, and you aſſure me *Antonio* is out of Danger.

Fred. Your Satisfaction is doubly mine.

Enter Liſſardo.

Fel. What Haſte you made, Sirrah, to bring me Word if *Violante* went home?

Liſſ. I can give you very good Reaſons for my Stay, Sir—Yes, Sir, ſhe went home.

Fred. O! Your Maſter knows that, for he has been there himſelf, *Liſſardo*.

Liſſ. Sir, may I beg the Favour of your Ear.

Fel. What have you to ſay. [*Whiſpers, and* Felix *ſeems uneaſy.*

Fred. Ha, *Felix* changes Colour at *Liſſardo*'s News. What can it be?

Fel. A *Scots* Footman, that belongs to Colonel *Britton*, an Acquaintance of *Frederick*'s, ſay you? the Devil! If ſhe be falſe, by Heaven I'll trace her. Prithy, *Frederick*, do you know one Colonel *Britton*, a *Scotſman*?

Fred. Yes; why do you aſk me?

Fel. Nay, no great Matter; but my Man tells me that he has had ſome little Differences with a Servant of his, that's all.

Fred. He is a good harmleſs innocent Fellow, I am ſorry

ſorry for it; the Colonel lodges in my Houſe, I knew him formerly in *England*, and met him here by Accident laſt Night, and gave him an Invitation home; he is a Gentleman of a good Eſtate, beſides his Commiſſion; of excellent Principles, and ſtrict Honour, I aſſure you.

Fel. Is he a Man of Intrigue?

Fred. Like other Men, I ſuppoſe; here he comes.—

[*Enter* Colonel.

Colonel, I began to think I had loſt you.

Col. ——And not without ſome Reaſon, if you knew all.

Fel. There's no Danger of a fine Gentleman's being loſt in this Town, Sir.

Col. That Compliment don't belong to me, Sir. But I aſſure you I have been very near being run away with.

Fred. Who attempted it?

Col. Faith I know her not———Only that ſhe is a charming Woman, I mean as much as I ſaw of her.

Fel. My Heart ſwells with Apprehenſion.——Some accidental Rencounter.———

Fred. A Tavern, I ſuppoſe, adjuſted the Matter.—

Col. A Tavern! No, no, Sir, ſhe is above that Rank, I aſſure you; this Nymph ſleeps in a Velvet Bed, and Lodgings every way agreeable.

Fel Ha, a Velvet Bed!—I thought you ſaid but now, Sir, you knew her not.

Col. No more I don't, Sir.

Fel How came you then ſo well acquainted with her Bed?

Fred. Ay ay, come, come, unfold.

Col. Why then you muſt know, Gentlemen, that I was conveyed to her Lodgings, by one of Cupid's Emiſſaries, call'd a Chambermaid, in a Chair, thro' fifty blind Alleys, who by the Help of a Key let me into a Garden.

Fel. 'Sdeath, a Garden, this muſt be *Violante*'s Garden. [*Aſide.*

Col. From thence conducted me into a ſpacious Room, then dropt me a Courteſy, told me her Lady would wait on me preſently, ſo without unveiling, modeſtly withdrew.

Fel. Damn her Modeſty; this was *Flora*. [*Aſide.*

Fred Well, how then, Colonel?

Col. Then, Sir, immediately from another Door iſſued forth a Lady, arm'd at both Eyes, from whence ſuch Showers of Darts fell round me, that had I not been cover'd with the Shield of another Beauty, I had infallibly fall'n a Martyr to her Charms; for you muſt know, I juſt ſaw her Eyes: Eyes, did I ſay? No, no, hold, I ſaw but one Eye, tho' I ſuppoſe it had a Fellow, equally as killing.

Fel. But how come you to ſee her Bed, Sir? 'Sdeath, this Expectation gives a thouſand Racks. [*Aſide.*

Col. Why, upon her Maid's giving Notice her Father was coming, ſhe thruſt me into the Bed-Chamber.

Fel. Upon her Father's coming?

Col. Ay, ſo ſhe ſaid; but putting my Ear to the Key-Hole of the Door, I found it was another Lover.

Fel. Confound the Jilt! 'Twas ſhe without Diſpute. [*Aſide.*

Fred. Ah poor Colonel, ha, ha, ha.

Col. I diſcover'd they had had a Quarrel, but whether they were reconcil'd or not, I can't tell; for the ſecond Alarm brought the Father in good earneſt, and had like to have made the Gentleman and I acquainted, but ſhe found ſome other Stratagem to convey him out.

Fel. Contagion ſeize her, and make her Body ugly as her Soul. There is nothing left to doubt of now.—'Tis plain 'twas ſhe.——Sure he knows me, and takes this Method to inſult me; 'Sdeath, I cannot bear it. [*Aſide.*

Fred. So when ſhe had diſpatched her old Lover, ſhe paid you a Viſit in her Bed-chamber; ha, Colonel?

Col.

Col. No, Pox take the impertinent Puppy, he ſpoil'd my Diverſion, I ſaw her no more.

Fel. Very fine! give me Patience, Heaven, or I ſhall burſt with Rage. [*Aſide.*

Fred. That was hard.

Col Nay, what was worſe, the Nymph that introduced me conveyed me out again over the Top of a high Wall, where I ran the danger of having my Neck broke, for the Father it ſeems had locked the Door by which I enter'd.

Fel. That Way I miſs'd him:—Damn her Invention. (*Aſide*) Pray, Colonel, was this the ſame Lady you met upon the *Terriero de paſſa* this Morning?

Col. Faith, I can't tell, Sir; I had a Deſign to know who that Lady was, but my Dog of a Footman, whom I had ordered to watch her home, fell faſt aſleep—I gave him a good Beating for his Neglect, and I have never ſeen the Raſcal ſince.

Fred. Here he comes.

Enter Gibby.

Col. Where have you been, Sirrah?

Gib. Troth Iſe been ſeeking yee an lik yer Honour theſe twa Hoors an meer. I bring yee glad Teedings, Sir.

Col. What, have you found the Lady?

Gib. Geud Faite, ha I, Sir—an ſhe's call'd *Donna Violante*, and her Parent *Don Pedro de Mendoſa*, en gin yee will gan wa mi, an't lik yer Honour, Iſe mak yee ken the Huſe right weel

Fel O Torture! Torture! [*Aſide.*

Col. Ha! *Violante!* That's the Lady's Name of the Houſe where my Incognita is, ſure it could not be her, at leaſt it was not the ſame Houſe, I'm confident. [*Aſide.*

Fred. Violante? 'Tis falſe; I wou'd not have you credit him, Colonel.

Gib. The Deel burſt my Bladder, Sir, gin I lee.

Fel.

Fel. Sirrah, I ſay you do lye, and I'll make you eat it, you Dog; *(kicks him)* and if your Maſter will juſtify you——

Col. Not I, faith, Sir,——I anſwer for no body's Lyes but my own; if you pleaſe, kick him again.

Gib. But gin he dus, Iſe ne take it, Sir gin he was a thouſand *Spaniards.* [*walks about in a Paſſion.*

Col. I ow'd you a Beating, Sirrah, and I'm oblig'd to this Gentleman for taking the Trouble off my Hands, therefore ſay no more, d'ye hear, Sir? [*Aſide to* Gibby.

Gib. Troth de I, Sir, and feel tee.

Fred. This muſt be a Miſtake, Colonel, for I know *Violante* perfectly well, and I am certain ſhe would not meet you upon the *Terriero de paſſa.*

Col. Dont be too poſitive, *Frederick*, now I have ſome Reaſons to believe it was that very Lady.

Fel. You'd very much oblige me, Sir, if you'd let me know theſe Reaſons.

Col. Sir.

Fel. Sir, I ſay I have a Right to enquire into thoſe Reaſons you ſpeak of.

Col. Ha, ha, really, Sir? I cannot conceive how you or any Man can have a Right to enquire into my Thoughts.

Fel. Sir, I have a Right to every Thing that relates to *Violante.*——And he that traduces her Fame, and refuſes to give his Reaſons for't, is a Villain. [*Draws.*

Col. What the Devil have I been doing? now Bliſters on my Tongue, by Dozens. [*Aſide.*

Fred. Prithee, *Felix*, don't quarrel, till you know for what; this is all a Miſtake I'm poſitive.

Col. Look ye, Sir, that I dare draw my Sword, I think will admit of no Diſpute.——But tho' fighting's my Trade, I'm not in love with it, and think it more honourable to decline this Buſineſs, than purſue it. This may be a Miſtake; however I'll give you my Honour never to have any Affair directly, or indirectly with *Violante*, provided ſhe is your *Violante*; but if there

there ſhould happen to be another of her Name, I hope you wou'd not engroſs all the *Violantes* in the Kingdom.

Fel. Your Vanity has given me ſufficient Reaſons to believe I'm not miſtaken: I'm not to be impos'd upon, Sir.

Col. Nor I bully'd, Sir.

Fel Bully'd! 'Sdeath, ſuch another Word, and I'll nail thee to the Wall.

Col. Are you ſure of that, *Spaniard?* [*Draws.*

Gib. (*Draws*) Say ne meer, Mon, aw my Sol here's Twa to Twa, dona fear, Sir, *Gibby* ſtonds by ye for the Honor of *Scotland.* [*Vapours about.*

Fred. By St. *Anthony* you ſhan't fight (*Interpoſes*) on bare Suſpicion; be certain of the Injury, and then——

Fel. That I will this Moment, and then, Sir——I hope you are to be found———

Col. Whenever you pleaſe, Sir. [*Exit* Felix.

Gib. 'Sbleed, Sir, there neer was a *Scotſman* yet that ſham'd to ſhow his Face. [*Strutting about.*

Fred. So, Quarrels ſpring up like Muſhrooms, in a Minute: *Violante* and he were but juſt reconcil'd, and you have furniſh'd him with freſh Matter for falling out again; and I am certain, Colonel, *Gibby* is in the Wrong.

Gib. Gin I be, Sir, the Mon that tald me leed, and gin he dud, the Deel be my Landlard, Hell my Winter quarters, and a Rope my Winding-ſheet, gin I dee not lik him as lang as I can hold a Stick in my Hond, now ſee yee.

Col. I am ſorry for what I have ſaid, for the Lady's Sake; but who could divine that ſhe was his Miſtreſs? Prithee, who is this warm Spark?

Fred He is the Son of one of our Grandees, nam'd *Don Lopez de Pementell,* a very honeſt Gentleman, but ſomething paſſionate in what relates to his Love.—— He is an only Son, which perhaps may be one Reaſon for indulging his Paſſion.

Col.

Col. When Parents have but one Child, they either make a Madman or a Fool of him.

Fred. He is not the only Child, he has a Sister; but I think, thro' the Severity of his Father, who would have married her againſt her Inclination, ſhe has made her Eſcape, and notwithſtanding he has offer'd five hundred Pound, he can get no Tiding of her

Col. Ha! How long has ſhe been miſſing?

Fred Nay, but ſince laſt Night, it ſeems.

Col Laſt Night! The very Time! How went ſhe?

Fred No body can tell; they conjecture thro' the Window.

Col. I'm tranſported! This muſt be the Lady I caught. What ſort of a Woman is ſhe?

Fred Middle ſiz'd, a lovely brown, a fine pouting Lip, Eyes that rowl and languiſh, and ſeem to ſpeak the exquiſite Pleaſure that her Arms could give!

Col. Oh! I'm fir'd with this Deſcription——'Tis the very ſhe——What's her Name?

Fred. Iſabella——You are tranſported, Colonel.

Col. I have a natural Tendency in me to the Fleſh, thou know'ſt, and who can hear of charms ſo exquiſite and yet remain unmov'd? Oh, how I long for the appointed Hour! I'll to the *Terriero de paſſa*, and wait my Happineſs; if ſhe fails to meet me, I'll once more attempt to find her at *Violante*'s in ſpite of her Brother's Jealouſy *(Aſide.)* Dear *Frederick*, I beg your Pardon, but I had forgot, I was to meet a Gentleman upon Buſineſs at Five; I'll endeavour to diſpatch him, and wait on you again as ſoon as poſſible.——

Fred. Your humble Servant, Colonel. [*Exit.*

Col. Gibby, I have no Buſineſs with you at preſent. [*Exit* Colonel.

Gib. That's weel——naw will I gang and ſeek this loon, and gar him gang with me to *Don Pedro*'s Huſe——Gin he'll no gang of himſel, Iſe gar him gang by the Lug, Sir; Godſwarbit, *Gibby* hates a Lear. [*Exit.*

Scene

Scene changes to Violante's *Lodgings.*

Enter Violante *and* Iſabella.

Iſab. The Hour draws on, *Violante*, and now my Heart begins to fail me, but I reſolve to venture for all that.

Vio. What, does your Courage ſink, *Iſabella?*

Iſab. Only the Force of Reſolution a little retreated, but I'll rally it again for all that.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Don Felix is coming up, Madam.

Iſab. My Brother! Which way ſhall I get out—— Diſpatch him as ſoon as you can, dear *Violante.*

[*Exit into the Cloſet.*

Vio. I will. (*Enter* Felix *in a ſurly Poſture.*) *Felix*, what brings you home ſo ſoon, did I not ſay to-morrow?

Fel. My Paſſion choaks me, I cannot ſpeak; Oh! I ſhall burſt! (*Aſide.*) [*Throws himſelf into a Chair.*

Vio. Bleſs me, are you not well, my *Felix?*

Fel. Yes,——No,——I don't know what I am.

Vio. Hey Day! What's the Matter now? Another jealous Whim!

Fel. With what an Air ſhe carries it!——I ſweat at her Impudence [*Aſide.*

Vio If I were in your place, *Felix*, I'd chuſe to ſtay at home, when theſe Fits of Spleen are upon me, and not trouble ſuch Perſons as are not oblig'd to bear with them. [*Here he affects to be careleſs of her.*

Fel. I am very ſenſible, Madam, of what you mean: I diſturb you no doubt; but were I in a better Humour I ſhould not incommode you leſs I am but too well convinc'd that you could eaſily diſpenſe with my Viſit.

Vio When you behave yourſelf as you ought to do, no Company ſo welcome——But when you reſerve me

for

for your ill Nature, I wave your Merit, and consider what's due to myself—And I must be so free to tell you, *Felix*, that these Humours of yours will abate, if not absolutely destroy the very Principles of Love.

Fel. (Rising.) And I must be so free to tell you, Madam, that since you have made such ill Returns to the Respect that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the Future, and you shall find me abandon your Empire with so little Difficulty, that I'll convince the World your Chains are not so hard to break as your Vanity would tempt you to believe—— I cannot brook the Provocation you give.

Vio. This is not to be born—Insolent! You abandon! You! Whom I have so often forbad ever to see me more! Have you not fall'n at my Feet! Implor'd my Favour and Forgiveness?—Did not you trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear yourself into my Heart? Ungrateful Man! If my Chains are so easily broke as you pretend, then you are the silliest Coxcomb living you did not break 'em long ago; and I must think him capable of brooking any thing on whom such Usage could make no Impression.

Isab. (Peeping.) A Duce take your Quarrels; she'll never think on me.

Fel. I always believed, Madam, my Weakness was the greatest Addition to your Power; you wou'd be less imperious, had my Inclination been less forward to oblige you.—You have indeed forbad me your Sight, but your Vanity even then assured you I would return, and I was Fool enough to feed your Pride.—Your Eyes, with all their boasted Charms, have acquired the greatest Glory in conquering me.—And the brightest Passage of your Life is, wounding this Heart with such Arms as pierce but few Persons of my Rank.

[*Walks about in a great Pet.*

Vio. Matchless Arrogance! True, Sir, I should have kept Measures better with you, if the Conquest had been worth preserving; but we easily hazard what gives

gives us no Pain to loſe.—As for my Eyes, you are miſtaken if you think they have vanquiſhed none but you; there are Men above your boaſted Rank who have confeſs'd their Power, when their Misfortune in pleaſing you made them obtain ſuch a diſgraceful Victory.

Fel. Yes, Madam, I am no Stranger to your Victories.

Vio. And what you call the brighteſt Paſſage of my Life, is not the leaſt glorious Part of yours.

Fel. Ha, ha, don't put yourſelf into a Paſſion, Madam, for I aſſure you, after this Day I ſhall give you no Trouble——You may meet your Sparks on the *Terriero de paſſa* at four in the Morning, without the leaſt Regard to mine——For when I quit your Chamber, the World ſhan't bring me back.

Vio. I am ſo well pleas'd with your Reſolution, I don't care how ſoon you take your Leave.——But what you mean by the *Terriero de paſſa* at four in the Morning, I can't gueſs.

Fel. No, no, no, not you.——You was not upon the *Terriero de paſſa* at Four this Morning.

Vio. No, I was not; but if I was, I hope I may walk where I pleaſe, and at what Hour I pleaſe, without aſking your leave.

Fel. Oh, doubtleſs, Madam! And you might meet Colonel *Britton* there, and afterwards ſend your Emiſſary to fetch him to your Houſe.——And upon your Father's coming in, thruſt him into your Bed chamber——without aſking my leave. 'Tis no Buſineſs of mine if you are expoſed among all the Footmen in Town.——Nay, if they Ballad you, and cry you about at a Half-penny a piece.——They may without my Leave.

Vio. Audacious! Don't provoke me——don't; my Reputation in not to be ſported with *(Going up to him.)* at this Rate.——No, Sir, it is not, *(burſts into Tears.)* Inhuman *Felix!*——Oh, *Iſabella*, what a Train of Ills haſt thou brought on me? *[Aſide.*

Fel. Ha! I cannot bear to ſee her weep.——A Wo-

man's Tears are far more fatal than our Swords. [*Aside.* Oh, *Violante*——'Sdeath! what a Dog am I? Now have I no Power to ſtir:——Doſt not thou know ſuch a Perſon as Colonel *Britton?* Prithee tell me, didſt not thou meet him at Four this Morning upon the *Terriero de paſſa?*

Vio. Were it not to clear my Fame, I would not anſwer thee, thou black Ingrate!——But I cannot bear to be reproached with what I even bluſh to think of, much leſs to act; by Heaven, I have not ſeen the *Terriero de paſſa* this Day.

Fel. Did not a *Scots* Footman attack you in the Street neither, *Violante?*

Vio. Yes, but he miſtook me for another, or he was drunk, I know not which.

Fel. And do not you know this *Scots* Colonel?

Vio. Pray aſk me no more Queſtions, this Night ſhall clear my Reputation, and leave you without Excuſe for your baſe Suſpicions; more than this I ſhall not ſatisfy you, therefore pray leave me.

Fel. Didſt thou ever love me, *Violante?*

Vio. I'll anſwer nothing.——You was in haſte to be gone juſt now, I ſhould be very well pleas'd to be alone, Sir. [*She ſits down and turns aſide.*

Fel. I ſhall not long interrupt your Contemplation.——Stubborn to the laſt. [*Aside.*

Vio. Did ever Woman involve herſelf as I have done?

Fel. Now would I give one of my Eyes to be Friends with her; for ſomething whiſpers to my Soul ſhe is not guilty.——(*He pauſes, then pulls a Chair, and ſits by her at a little Diſtance, looking at her ſome time without ſpeaking.——Then draws a little nearer to her.*) Give me your Hand at Parting however, *Violante*, won't you, (*Here he lays his open upon her Knee ſeveral times*) won't you——won't you——won't you?

Vio. (*Half regarding him.*) Won't I do what?

Fel You know what I would have, *Violante.* Oh, my Heart!

Vio.

Vio. (Smiling.) I thought my Chains were eaſily broke. *(Lays her Hand into his.)*

Fel. (Draws his Chair cloſe to her, and kiſſes her Hand in a Rapture.) Too well thou knoweſt thy Strength———Oh my charming Angel, my heart is all thy own. Forgive my haſty Paſſion; 'tis the Tranſport of a Love ſincere!

Don Pedro *within.*

Pedro. Bid *Sancho* get a new wheel to my Chariot preſently.

Vio. Bleſs me! My Father return'd! What ſhall we do now, *Felix!* We are ruin'd, paſt Redemption.

Fel. No, no, no, my Love; I can leap from thy Cloſet Window. *(Runs to the Door where* Iſabella *is, who claps too the Door, and bolts it within ſide.)*

Iſab. (Peeping.) Say you ſo: But I ſhall prevent you.

Fel. Confuſion! Somebody bolts the Door within ſide; I'll ſee who you have conceal'd here, if I die for't: Oh *Violante!* haſt thou again ſacrific'd me to my Rival? [*Draws.*

Vio. By Heaven thou haſt no Rival in my Heart, let that ſuffice—Nay, ſure, you will not let my Father find you here———Diſtraction!

Fel. Indeed but I ſhall—except you command this Door to be open'd, and that way conceal me from his Sight. [*He ſtruggles with her to come at the Door.*

Vio. Hear me, *Felix*——Though I were ſure the refuſing what you aſk would ſeperate us for ever, by all that's powerful you ſhall not enter here: Either you do love me, or you do not; convince me by your Obedience.

Fel. That's not the Matter in debate—I will know who is in this Cloſet, let the Conſequence be what it will. Nay, nay, nay, you ſtrive in vain; I will go in.

Vio. You ſhall not go in———

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. Hey day! What's here to do! I will go in, and, You ſhan't go in——and, I will go in——Why who are you, Sir?

Fel. 'Sdeath! What ſhall I ſay now?

Ped. Don Felix, pray what's your Buſineſs in my Houſe? Ha, Sir.

Vio. Oh Sir, what Miracle return'd you home ſo ſoon? Some Angel 'twas that brought my Father back to ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd——This Ruffian he, I cannot call him Gentleman——has committed ſuch an uncommon Rudeneſs, as the moſt profligate Wretch would be aſham'd to own——

Fel. Ha, what the Devil does ſhe mean! [*Aſide.*

Vio. As I was at my Devotion in my Cloſet, I heard a loud Knocking at the Door, mix'd with a Woman's Voice, which ſeem'd to imply ſhe was in Danger—

Fel. I am confounded! [*Aſide.*

Vio. I flew to the Door with the utmoſt Speed, where a Lady veil'd ruſh'd in upon me; who falling on her Knees begged my Protection, from a Gentleman, who, ſhe ſaid, purſued her: I took Compaſſion on her Tears, and lock'd her into this Cloſet; but in the Surprize, having left open the Door, this very Perſon whom you ſee, with his Sword drawn, ran in, proteſting, if I refus'd to give her up to his Revenge, he'd force the Door.

Fel. What in the Name of Goodneſs does ſhe mean to do? Hang me! [*Aſide.*

Vio. I ſtrove with him till I was out of Breath, and had you not come as you did, he muſt have enter'd—But he's in drink, I ſuppoſe, or he could not have been guilty of ſuch an Indecorum. [*Leering at* Felix.

Ped. I'm amazed!

Fel. The Devil never fail'd a Woman at a Pinch: what a Tale has ſhe form'd in a Minute——In drink, quotha; a good hint: I'll lay hold on't to bring myſelf off. [*Aſide.*

Ped.

Ped. Fie, *Don Felix!* No ſooner rid of one Broil, but you are commencing another—to aſſault a Lady with a naked Sword, derogates much from the Character of a Gentleman, I aſſure you.

Fel. (*Counterfeits Drunkenneſs*) Who, I aſſault a Lady ——upon Honour the Lady aſſaulted me, Sir; and would have ſeiz'd this Body Politick upon the King's Highway——let her come out, and deny it if ſhe can ——pray, Sir, command the Door to be open'd, and let her prove me a Lyar if ſhe knows how——I have breen drinking right *French* Claret, Sir, but I love my own Country for all that.

Ped. Ay, ay, who doubts it, Sir?—Open the Door, *Violante*, and let the Lady come out.—Come, I warrant thee he ſhan't hurt her.

Fel. Ay, now which way will ſhe come off.

Vio. (*Unlocks the Door*) Come forth, Madam, none ſhall dare to touch your Veil——I'll convey you out with Safety, or loſe my Life—I hope ſhe underſtands me. [*Aſide.*

Enter Iſabella *veil'd and croſſes the Stage.*

Iſab. Excellent Girl! [*Exit.*

Fel. The Devil! a Woman! I'll ſee if ſhe be really ſo. (*Offers to follow her.*

Ped. (*Draws.*) Not a Step, Sir, till the Lady be paſt your Recovery.—I never ſuffer the Laws of Hoſpitality to be violated in my Houſe, Sir.——I'll keep *Don Felix* here till you ſee her ſafe out, *Violante.*

Vio. Get clear of my Father, and follow me to the *Terriero de paſſa*, where all miſtakes ſhall be rectified. (*Aſide to* Felix.) [*Exit* Violante.

Ped. Come, Sir, you and I will take a Pipe and a Bottle together.

Fel. Damn your Pipe, Sir, I won't ſmoak—I hate Tobacco——Nor I, I, I, I won't drink, Sir——

No nor I won't ſtay neither, and how will you help yourſelf?

Ped. As to ſmoaking or drinking, you have your Liberty, but you ſtay, Sir. [*Gets between him and the Door,* Felix *ſtrikes up his Heels and Exit.*]

Fel. Shall I ſo, Sir?—But I tell you, old Gentleman, I am in haſte to be married—And ſo God be with you.

Ped. Go to the Devil—In haſte to be married, quotha, thou art in fine condition to be married truly!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's *Don Lopez de Pimmentel* to wait on you, Senior.

Ped. What the Devil does he want? Bring him up, he's in purſuit of his Son I ſuppoſe.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. I am glad to find you at Home *Don Pedro*; I was told that you was ſeen upon the Road to——this Afternoon.

Ped. That might be my Lord; but I had the Misfortune to break the Wheel of my Chariot, which oblig'd me to return——What is your pleaſure with me, my Lord?

Lop. I am inform'd that my Daughter's in your Houſe, *Don Pedro.*

Ped. That's more than I know, my Lord; but here was your Son juſt now as drunk as an Emperor.

Lop. My Son drunk? I never ſaw him in drink in my Life; where is he, pray, Sir?

Ped. Gone to be married.

Lop. Married! To whom? I don't know that he courted any Body.

Ped. Nay, I know nothing of that—Within there!

(*Enter*

(*Enter Servant.*) bid my Daughter come hither, ſhe'll tell you another Story, my Lord.

Ser. She's gone out in a Chair, Sir.

Ped. Out in a Chair! What do you mean, Sir?

Ser. As I ſay, Sir; and *Donna Iſabella* went in another juſt before her.

Ser. And *Don Felix* followed in another; I overheard them all bid the Chairs go to the *Terriero de paſſa.*

Ped. Ha! What Buſineſs has my Daughter there? I am confounded, and know not what to think.——Within there. [*Exit.*

Lop. My Heart miſgives me plaguily—Call me an *Alguzile*, I'll perſue them ſtrait.

SCENE *changes to the Street before* Don Pedro's *Houſe.*

Enter Liſſardo.

Liſſ. I wiſh I cou'd ſee *Flora*——Methinks I have an hankering Kindneſs after the Slut——We muſt be reconcil'd.

Enter Gibby.

Gib. Aw my Sol, Sir, but Iſe blithe to find yee here now.

Liſſ. Ha! Brother! Give me thy Hand, Boy.

Gib. No ſe faſt, ſe ye me—Brether me ne Brethers, I ſcorn a Lyar as muckle as a Theife, ſe ye now, and yee muſt gang intul this Houſe with me, and juſtifie to *Donna Violante*'s Face, that ſhe was the Lady that gang'd in here this Morn, ſe yee me, or the Deel ha my Sol, Sir, but ye and I ſhall be twa Folks.

Liſſ. Juſtify it to *Donna Violante*'s Face, quotha, for what? Sure you don't know what you ſay.

Gib. Troth de I, Sir, as weel as yee de; therefore come along, and make no meer Words about it.

[*Knocks haſtily at the Door.*]

Liſſ.

Liſſ. Why, what the Devil do you mean? Don't you conſider you are in *Portugal?* Is the Fellow mad?

Gib. Fallow! Iſe none of yer Fallow, Sir; and gin this Place were Hell, id gar ye de me Juſtice, (*Liſſ. going*) nay, the Deel a Feet ye gang. (*Lays hold of him, and knocks again.*)

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. How now! what makes you knock ſo loud?

Gib. Gin this be *Don Pedro*'s Houſe, Sir, I wou'd ſpeak with *Donna Violante*, his Daughter.

Liſſ. Ha! *Don Pedro* himſelf, I wiſh I were fairly off. [*Aſide.*

Ped. Ha! What is it you want with my Daughter, pray?

Gib. An ſhe be your Doughter, and lik yer Honour, command her to come out, and anſwer for herſel now, and either juſtify or diſprove what this Shield told me this Morn.

Liſſ. So, here will be a fine Piece of Work. [*Aſide.*

Ped. Why, what did he tell you, ha?

Gib Be me Sol, Sir, Iſe tell you aw the Truth; my Maſter got a pratty Lady upon the how de ye call't—*Paſſa*—here at Five this Morn, and he gar me watch her heam——And in Troth I lodg'd her here; and meeting this ill favour'd Theife, ſe ye me, I ſpiered wha ſhe was———And he told me her Name was *Donna Violante*, *Don Pedro de Mendoſa*'s Daughter.

Ped. Ha! My Daughter with a Man abroad at Five in the Morning: Death, Hell and Furies, by St. *Anthony* I'm undone. [*Stamps.*

Gib. Wounds, Sir, ye put yer Saint intul bony Company.

Ped. Who is your Maſter, you Dog you? Adſheart, I ſhall be trick'd of my Daughter, and my Money too, that's worſt of all.

Gib.

Gib. Ye Dog you! 'Sblead, Sir, don't call Names—I won't tell you wha my Maſter is, ſe ye me now.

Ped. And who are you, Raſcal, that knows my Daughter ſo well? Ha! [*Holds up his Cane.*

Liſſ. What ſhall I ſay to make him give this *Scots* Dog a good beating? (*Aſide.*) I know your Daughter, *Senior?* Not I, I never ſaw your Daughter in all my Life.

Gib. (*Knocks him down with the Fiſt.*) Deel ha my Sol, Sar, gin ye get no your Carich for that Lye now.

Ped What, hoa! Where are all my Servants? (*Enter Servants on one Side*, Colonel, Felix, Iſabella, *and* Violante *on the other Side*) Raiſe the Houſe in purſuit of my Daughter.

Serv. Here ſhe comes, *Senior.*

Col. Hey Day! What is here to do?

Gib. This is the Loon lik Tik, and lik yer Honor, that ſent me heam with a Lye this Morn.

Col. Come, come, 'tis all well, *Gibby*; let him riſe.

Ped. I am Thunder-ſtruck—and have no Power to ſpeak one Word.

Fel. This is a Day of Jubilee, *Liſſardo*; no quarrelling with him this Day.

Liſſ A Pox take his Fiſts.——Egad theſe *Britons* are but a Word and a Blow.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. So, have I found you, Daughter? Then you have not hang'd yourſelf yet, I ſee.

Col. But ſhe is married, my Lord.

Lop. Married! Zounds, to whom?

Col. Even to your humble Servant, my Lord. If you pleaſe to give us your Bleſſing. [*Kneels.*

Lop. Why, hark ye, Miſtreſs, are you really married?

Iſab. Really ſo, my Lord.

Lop. And who are you, Sir?

Col.

Col. An honeſt *North Britain* by Birth, and a Colonel by Commiſſion, my Lord.

Lop. A Heretic! The Devil! [*Holding up his Hands.*

Ped. She has play'd you a ſlippery Trick indeed, my Lord.——Well, my Girl, thou haſt been to ſee thy Friend married.——Next Week thou ſhalt have a better Huſband, my Dear. (*To* Violante.)

Fel. Next Week is a little too ſoon, Sir; I hope to live longer than that.

Ped. What do you mean, Sir? You have not made a Rib of my Daughter too, have you?

Vio. Indeed but he has, Sir; I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded Minute,—when my Thoughts were not overſtrong for a Nunnery Father.

Lop. Your Daughter has play'd you a ſlippery Trick too, *Senior*.

Ped. But your Son ſhall be never the better for't, my Lord; her twenty Thouſand Pounds was left on certain Conditions, and I'll not part with a Shilling.

Lop. But we have a certain Thing call'd Law, ſhall make you do Juſtice, Sir.

Ped. Well, we'll try that,—my Lord, much good may it do you with your Daughter-in-Law. [*Exit.*

Lop. I wiſh you much Joy of your Rib. [*Exit.*

Enter Frederick.

Fel. Frederick, welcome!———I ſent for thee to be Witneſs of my good Fortune, and make one in a Country Dance.

Fred. Your Meſſenger has told me all, and I ſincerely ſhare in all your Happineſs.

Col. To the Right about, *Frederick*; wiſh thy Friend Joy.

Fred. I do with all my Soul;——and, Madam, I congratulate your Deliverance.—Your Suſpicions are clear'd now I hope, *Felix*.

Fel. They are, and I heartily aſk the Colonel Pardon, and

and wiſh him happy with my Siſter; for Love has taught me to know, that every Man's Happineſs conſiſts in chuſing for himſelf.

Liſſ. After that Rule I fix here. [*To* Flora.

Flo. That's your Miſtake; I prefer my Lady's Service, and turn you over to her that pleaded Right and Title to you To-day.

Liſſ. Chuſe, proud Fool; I ſhant aſk you twice.

Gib. What ſay ye now, Laſs; will ye ge yer Maidenhead to poor *Gibby?*——What ſay you, will ye dance the Reel of *Bogie* with me?

Inis. That I may not leave my Lady,—I take you at your Word,—And tho' our Wooing has been ſhort, I'll by her Example love you dearly. [*Muſick plays.*

Fel. Hark! I hear the Muſick; ſomebody has done us the Favour to ſend them, call them in.

A Country Dance.

Gib. Wounds, this is bony Muſick.—How caw ye that Thing that ye pinch by the Craig, and tickle the Woam, ond make it cry *Grum, Grum?*

Fred. Oh! that's a Guittar, *Gibby.*

Fel. Now, my *Valiante*, I ſhall proclaim thy Virtues to the World.

No more let us thy Sex's Conduct blame,
Since thou'rt a Prooof to their eternal Fame,
That Man *has no Advantage but the Name.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. PHILIPS.

CUſtom with all our Modern Laws combin'd,
Has given ſuch Power deſpotic to Mankind,
That we have only ſo much Virtue now,
As they are pleas'd in favour to allow.
Thus like Mechanic Work we're us'd with Scorn,
And wound up only, for a preſent Turn;
Some are for having our whole Sex enſlav'd,
Affirming we've no Souls, * *and* can't be ſav'd.
But were the Women all of my Opinion,
We'd ſoon ſhake off this falſe uſurp'd Dominion.
We'd make the Tyrants own, that we cou'd prove,
As fit for other Buſineſs as for Love.
Lord! What Prerogative might we obtain,
Could we from Yielding, a few Months refrain!
How fondly wou'd our dang'ling Lovers doat?
What Homage wou'd be paid to Petticoat?
'Twou'd be a Jeſt to ſee the Change of Fate,
How we might all of Politicks debate;
Promiſe and Swear, what we ne'er meant to do,
And what's ſtill harder, Keep our Secrets too.
Ay, Marry! Keep a Secret, *ſays a Beau,*
And ſneers at ſome ill-natur'd Wit below;
But faith, if we ſhou'd tell but half we know,
There's many a ſpruce young Fellow in this Place,
Wou'd never dare preſume to ſhow his Face;
Women *are not ſo weak, what'er* Men *prate,*
How many tip top Beaus have had the Fate,
T' enjoy from Mamma's Secrets *their Eſtate.*
Who, if her early Folly had made known,
Had rid behind the Coach that's now their own.
But here, the Wond'rous Secret *you diſcover;*
A Lady *ventures for a* Friend,——*A* Lover.
Prodigious! For my Part I frankly own,
I ad ſpoil'd the Wonder, *and the* Woman *ſhown.*

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* Alluding to an ironical Pamphlet tending to prove *Women* had no *Souls.*

FINIS.

Heath